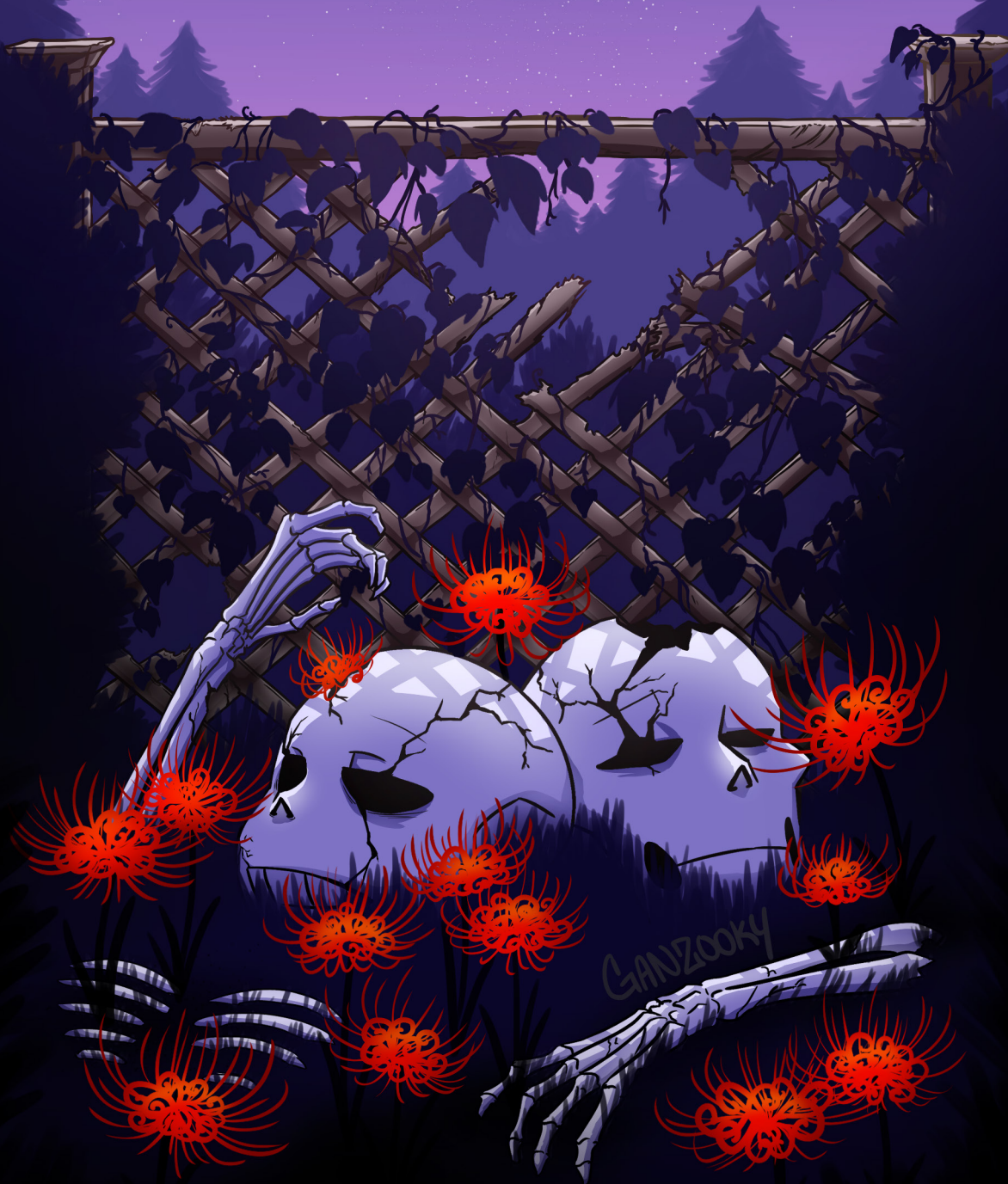


Lattices & Cracks

An Undertale Gore Fanzine



GANZOOKY



Lattices & Cracks

— An Undertale Gore Fanzine —

Dark Spreads Version



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Of Sound Minds

Written by Askellie
Illustrated by Denko
Beta Read by Likhain

Ships: *Fontcest / Fontfest*

Characters: *Papyrus (Possessed by Gaster), Sans*

Content Warnings: *Non-Consensual Incest,
Non-Consensual Experimentation / Surgery,
Quadruple Amputation, Isolation and Captivity,
Conditioning / Grooming, Psychological Torture,
Graphic Bone Sawing, Blood, Illness / Infection,
Body Horror*



@DunkingNot



"How does it feel, Sans?" Papyrus asks brightly, yanking firmly on the leather strap until he hears Sans's carpals grind unforgivingly against the examination table. "Comfortable?"

"Uh..." There's a sheen of sweat on Sans's skull. His eyelights have almost vanished in the horrified pits of his sockets. "Not really, bro. You wanna maybe untie me? I really think we should talk."

"Don't be silly," Papyrus scoffs. Now that he's satisfied Sans won't be able to free himself, it's time to collect his tools. He's never been in the lab before, but Gaster's voice murmurs precise instructions to let him know exactly which cabinets to open. The gleaming array of neatly organised implements is an absolute delight to behold. Papyrus chooses with care, arranging each on a tray like one might prepare a nutritious meal.

"I'm quite sure that every word you have to say to me is a lie. Besides, there's important work to be done! Like..."

He trails off, hands hovering over a selection of filled syringes. What was he doing again? It's an immense challenge, trying to stay focused with all the new thoughts and memories filling his skull. It's like trying to navigate through a familiar house in pitch darkness when someone has deviously rearranged all the furniture.

We're taking care of Sans, Gaster reminds him. His voice is calm, authoritative: a constant source of helpful suggestions. He tells Papyrus all sorts of useful things, like the entrance code to the lab and how to squeeze Sans's soul with blue magic until he passes out.

Papyrus never understood before how Sans could gush over his silly physics books and magazines full of pictures of the stars, but now he knows. Science is wonderful. There's so many amazing things he never knew, so many exciting ideas he wants to try.

There's a furtive shuffle of movement behind

him. Papyrus turns to look over his shoulder to find Sans freezing in the process of swivelling his wrists and trying to find some measure of leniency against his restraints.

The smirk that pulls at Papyrus's mouth feels unfamiliar and strange, as is his tone when he coolly offers, "I'm afraid you'll find I've taken thorough precautions, Sans. I'm sure you've noticed the magic blocker's effectiveness against your shortcuts, but I really do advise against struggling too much. I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself."

Sans's face twists through a complicated series of emotions, passing through shock and grief before finally settling on anger. "You're... Gaster?"

"Oh yes," Papyrus says tightly. "I'm quite upset that you never told me about him."

Gaster is the former Royal Scientist, the savior of the Underground, and Papyrus is his chosen successor. Papyrus thought it strange at first, but the longer Gaster lives in his soul the more Papyrus understands why he was chosen. They're so alike, he and Gaster. They're smart and brave and clever. They only want the best for monsterkind.

And for Sans.

Sans looks conflicted, his scowl softening with guilt. "Bro..."

"But that's in the past," Papyrus continues with benevolent ease, carrying his tray of beautiful, shining implements back to the table. "Right now, this is about you, Sans. Everything I'm doing is for you."

"Pap, please," Sans pleads. His face is so open and earnest, his lying grin finally discarded. "We can-hrk!"

One of the first gifts Gaster gave him was the use of his floating hands. Such useful constructs; he directs two of them to hook into the corners of

Sans's mouth and pry it open. A third one slides between his helplessly parted teeth and curls down behind his jawbone. The cyan blue of his magic forms by reflex, creating a tongue that the construct pinches tightly between its fingers so it can be dragged into the open. Sans chokes, sockets watering at what must be an uncomfortable strain where the magic is rooted inside his skull.

"This is a magic stabiliser," he tells Sans, lifting the syringe into view, priming it with a gentle squeeze. "Your low HP adds challenge to the procedure, but this will help ensure you can withstand some damage without dusting. I understand you may be tempted to pass out from the pain, but the results will improve if you remain conscious so please do your best."

Sans can't reply, only gag weakly around the constructs' invading fingers as the drug is injected into his conjured magic.



Sans's face is a beautiful mess, streaked with the sticky residue of his tears and mottled with dark patches of sweat. It's an enthralling contrast to the way his expression is completely lax, eyes softly shuttered, his jaw gone slack and his mouth slightly askew. Papyrus can't stop touching him, marvelling at the delicate contours of Sans's round features. He paints a masterpiece of agony and filth with Sans's fluids, his fingertips leaving smeared brands across Sans's skull.

He's just adding the finishing touches when Sans comes awake violently, his left eye strobing with lightning flashes of yellow and cyan as he convulses against the straps. He makes a ragged sound like the dying keen of an animal until his strength abruptly gives out and leaves him pliant and gasping. His gaze darts wildly back and forth before settling on Papyrus's face.

"Pap..." For one moment, he looks relieved, like all the times Papyrus was there to wake him after a nightmare. Then the pain hits. The frantic fit of hyperventilating panic makes his bones rattle so

hard Papyrus wonders if he'll break himself apart.

"Hush, brother. It's okay! You did it. I'm so very, very proud of you!" Papyrus runs his hand over Sans's skull, soothing him until his uncontrollable seizing subsides into quiet shudders. When his unevenly blown eyelights finally land on the results of Papyrus's hard labour, he stops moving all together.

"Do you like it?" Papyrus asks with a jubilant smile. "I was a little worried since it was my first attempt, but the cuts are very clean!"

He'd been dissatisfied with how heavy and clumsy the tools felt in his hands, but Gaster's warm voice assures him he's done a masterful job. Each of Sans's carpals have been cleaved in half, all the distal phalanges entirely removed. The bloody stumps have been carefully bandaged, dark spots of marrow blotting at the tips where Sans's fingers used to be.

"Next time I think we can go as high as your wrist," Papyrus informs him eagerly. He traces an exploratory line across the bottom of Sans's radius and ulna, imagining the beautiful honeycomb of marrow inside the bone. "As long as we don't take too much, your HP only drops a little! Isn't that fascinating, Sans?"

Sans can't seem to articulate anything more than a whimper, staring at Papyrus in stifled horror. His mouth is trembling ever so slightly. It makes Papyrus think of how easily he could lean down and kiss Sans to taste the sharp tang of pain and terror on his tongue.

Gaster thwarts his temptation, reminding him that Sans isn't ready for him (them) yet. It'll be even sweeter if he waits. More perfect. He doesn't want Sans as a numb, shell-shocked husk unable to react. He wants Sans to beg for his kindness, for mercy, for the love Papyrus has been holding back so long for reasons that seem utterly silly now.

He's going to make Sans his (theirs), one small piece at a time. He (they) can't wait.



Papyrus scrubs his hands mechanically in the sink, grinding his phalanges together for the requisite thirty seconds of sterilisation before reaching for a fresh pair of gloves. In the steel cabinet above the counter he catches a distorted glimpse of his reflection and the fresh, dark crack trailing from his socket. The wave of fury is so intense he almost feels light-headed; he sways on his feet before mastering himself again.

He tears the first pair of gloves when he pulls them on, the latex snapping with a crack of sound. Papyrus snarls and throws them aside, donning another set with more care.

“That was very unkind, Sans,” he says, precisely enunciating every syllable so the tone of his anger doesn’t bleed into his voice. “I don’t like to consider it, but sometimes I feel like you’re a terrible brother.”

Clearly he’s been too lenient. He’d grown used to Sans’s dispirited lack of resistance. When Sans meekly asked if Papyrus could loosen the strap on his remaining wrist to ease the raw and bloody chafing beneath, Papyrus had agreed, wanting to reward him for his good behavior.

Papyrus doubts Sans has ever thrown a punch in his life, which is why he never thought to expect it. Sans’s small fist had caught Papyrus in the face right where the bone was thin and brittle, causing a jagged split from his eye down his cheekbone. It’s a distressing mirror of the scar Gaster once possessed, and an unsightly blemish that doesn’t belong on someone as great as Papyrus.

An unfortunate mistake, Gaster observes bluntly. You’re still too soft. Perhaps I was wrong about you...?

“Be quiet,” Papyrus says sharply. He isn’t speaking to Sans, but the muffled ruckus across the room tapers to a breathless sob. Papyrus takes a steadying breath and extracts the bonesaw from the stack of unwashed implements beside the

sink. There’s still flaking blood and dust on the blade. He turns around and appreciates the fresh rush of terror in Sans’s eyes.

“I wasn’t going to do this yet, Sans, but you haven’t left me with much choice,” Papyrus says. He can’t quite manage to sound contrite -- he’s too upset for that -- but a small part of him does regret that he won’t get to appreciate the same long, slow deconstruction process he enjoyed with the first limb.

Sans has proven he can’t be trusted with his arms, so he doesn’t get to keep them.

Before attending to his newly fractured face, Papyrus made sure Sans was thoroughly tied down again, calling on Gaster’s constructs for assistance. They’re swarmed on Sans like flies on a fresh corpse, pinching and tugging on both the restraints and his bones to make sure there’s no leeway for further assaults. The straps have all been mercilessly tightened to the point that he can see blood seeping out where Sans’s radius has snapped from the strain. Two fingers are broken as well; the untimely punch hurt Sans just as much as it did Papyrus.

One of the punctured hands has its long, spidery fingers hooked into Sans’s eye-sockets, holding them open so he can’t block out his imminent punishment. A rubber gag keeps his pleading constrained behind his teeth, though it doesn’t stop him from trying. Saliva is running desperately down his chin as he huffs and gurgles with inarticulate urgency.

Sans does indeed look very sorry for his actions, but as Papyrus already knows, Sans is an excellent liar.

Just a few hours earlier, Papyrus had finally trimmed Sans’s right arm to what he and Gaster agree is the ideal length. The final cut leaves Sans with precisely six remaining inches of his humerus intact. Papyrus sketches out a matching line on Sans’s left arm with a black marker, cursing under his breath when Sans’s quivering makes the ink stutter.

"Don't move unless you want this to turn out crooked," he scolds, smearing away his first attempt to try again. He can't stand a poorly done job, and if he has to take another inch off each arm to keep things even and precise, he will. Once he's satisfied his line is perfectly straight, Papyrus reaches for the saw again and sets its grimy teeth against Sans's humerus. He stares right into his brother's tear-filled sockets.

"It's okay, Sans," he says, because unlike Sans, he's a good brother. He can be kind, even if he's angry, and above all he's certainly still *worthy* no matter what Gaster thinks. "I still believe in you."

The first stroke of the saw makes Sans screech incoherently into the gag. Though there should be enough of the magic stabiliser left in Sans's body to keep his HP from dropping, all of its pain-diminishing properties will have faded by now. The sound almost seems too loud to have come from such a small, crippled body. Sans's broken fingers scrabble mindlessly against the table, and his sockets go dark, open but sightless.

Papyrus draws the saw back for its second pass. Its saw's blade cracks through the outer subcutaneous layer of bone and breaches the vessels of the marrow. Bright red blood spills onto the table in an unexpected rush. Gaster idly notes that Sans must be incredibly adrenalised for his circulation to be working so hard.

However, Papyrus is pleased to note that Sans's HP has only dropped a fraction of a point. His intent is perfectly restrained despite his temper. The movement of his arm is steady, back and forth, carving through the bone with absolute precision despite how desperately Sans is writhing beneath him. The saw's rhythm feels soothing. Papyrus can almost lose himself in it as Sans's wordless howls of agony start to diminish and his convulsing body goes slack.

He's almost finished, the bone held on by only a splintered fragment before he realises that Sans's face has turned chalky and grey. He's no longer moving. There is an awful lot of blood on the table.

"Oh," he gasps, dropping the saw. Normally he would also be using the heated blade of a scalpel to cauterise the wound as he went, but in his distraction he had simply forgotten. For a moment he can't move, numbed by panic and an even more paralysing fascination. Sans's blood is thick and rich, a swirling pool of glorious crimson. He makes a note to gather it all up afterwards for careful preservation in a jar along with the other pieces of Sans's body before he rushes to drag his beloved brother back from the brink of dusting.



The open wound and the unfortunate choice of dirty tools mean that Sans's body is ripe for the onset of infection. For the next week he burns hot with fever. His bones shed a fine layer of dust. His marrow turns dark and sour, filling the lab with the rancid stench of sickness.

Sans no longer needs restraining. He's rarely conscious, and even more infrequently lucid. He can barely be coaxed into eating or drinking, so Papyrus is forced to keep him on a steady IV drip. The need for constant supervision means Papyrus has taken Sans from the main laboratory and brought his brother into the small, unadorned breakroom he'd claimed for himself.

The rooms upstairs are larger -- and empty now that Papyrus has removed the false Royal Scientist from her unearned title -- but it's easier to stay entirely in the restricted levels of the lab. No one knows he's here. He can continue his work undisturbed until Gaster deems him ready to announce their existence to the King.

Despite the breakroom's size, its bed is unexpectedly wide and well-appointed. It could easily fit them both, but Papyrus often chooses not to sleep. He stays awake to watch over Sans, attentively wiping the sweat from his body, changing his bandages and topping up the cocktail of antibiotics in the IV. Sometimes, when Sans is moaning and mumbling in his sleep, Papyrus even administers a sedative to help him rest.

(He's a good brother, Gaster assures him. It's not like Sans was happy before. Only Papyrus can fix that, make him appreciate what he has.)

Sans remains weak and listless even when the dangerous fever wanes. He lies plainly in Papyrus lap, absorbing his brother's relentlessly upbeat chatter without attempting to interrupt or respond. He doesn't react when Papyrus's hands wander in both clinical examination of his condition and sometimes just for his own gratification. Papyrus's hands are nearly large enough to span the height of Sans's ribcage; he likes the click his fingers make as he drags them back and forth over the intercostal spaces.

The matching stumps of Sans's arms require especially delicate handling. At first, Sans flinches reflexively at any pressure even as far up as his shoulder, but repeated contact starts to desensitise the inflamed bone. Papyrus repeats the act daily, each time allowing his fingertips to delve lower, circling down to the blunt, stunted tips. Even when he's not thinking about it, his hands have a tendency to return there, marveling at the clean severance of bone.

It's during one such exploration that Sans gives a surprised, sharp inhale in response to a careless squeeze. Papyrus stops immediately, worried he may have damaged Sans's tenuous compliance, but instead of trying to pull away Sans only gives his stump a small wiggle, wordlessly encouraging Papyrus to continue.

"Did you like that, Sans?" he asks earnestly, trying not to let his body strum like a plucked guitar string in hopeful anticipation. He does it again, just in case Sans needs to be convinced, cupping the helpless limb in the broad span of his palm. Sans's breath stutters.

"Yes." Sans's voice is a dead, dry rasp, but Papyrus is overjoyed.

"Oh, Sans," Papyrus breathes, holding his brother's frail body to his chest, tightly but oh so carefully. Sans is still sick; he needs to be gentle. "I'm sorry I called you a bad brother. I love you."

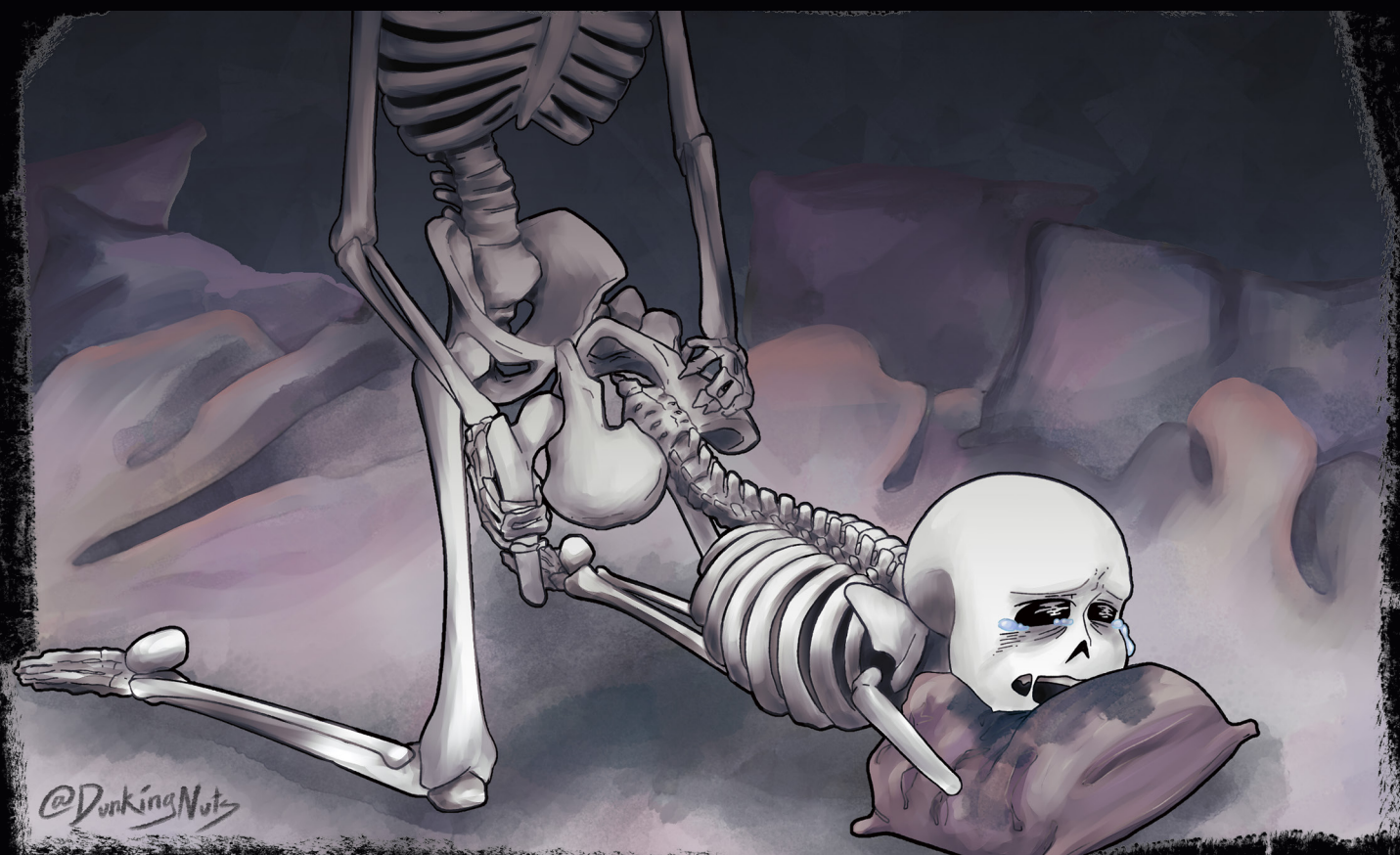
Sans doesn't reply at first. Papyrus almost thinks he may have fallen asleep again, the lazy bones, but after several long, pregnant seconds Sans brokenly whispers, "Love you, Pap."

They're the words Papyrus has been waiting weeks (months, years) to hear. He could almost cry, he's so happy. Sans must be too; there are tears of relief dripping from his sockets. Papyrus nuzzles him affectionately, licking them away and pledging his adoration and devotion over and over again as Sans unresistingly spends the night in his arms.



Over time, Papyrus adds personal touches to make the room more habitable now that he and Sans are sharing it. He puts up paintings of the outside world that Sans is no longer allowed to see. He refurbishes the bed with nicer sheets and comfier pillows and a sturdy headboard strung with chains that have been specially crafted for Sans's modified limbs. Sans rarely misbehaves anymore, which is almost a disappointment. Sometimes Papyrus will have to invent some trivial slight deserving of punishment just so he can string Sans up and listen to him cry and beg for forgiveness.

Sans spends most of the time sleeping and rarely leaves the bed. It would be difficult for him to even attempt it now that Papyrus has completed the procedures to remove his legs, leaving him with shortened femurs only slightly longer than his humeri. It's quite entertaining to watch him move around, carefully balancing on his tender stumps. The disparate height in his limbs means his hips are always more elevated than his skull,



his pelvis jutting and tailbone lifted like an obscene invitation. He's as clumsy as a newborn kitten, and just as endearing.

Whenever Papyrus has to leave -- for supplies, for the ongoing experiments he's begun in the labs under Gaster's rigorous guidance -- he knows Sans misses him. Sometimes he stays away longer than he should and watches through the cameras as Sans's loneliness turns to terror, until he's screaming Papyrus's name and begging him to come back, pleading not to be left alone in his tiny, windowless prison.

Regardless of how long or short his absence, Sans is always desperately relieved to see him. The magic in his pelvis will be formed and waiting, ready for Papyrus to give him the little bit of stimulation he needs to help his pussy form. Sans can't touch himself, and often Papyrus is simply too impatient to administer much in the way of foreplay. Sans still wails and sobs

frequently when he's penetrated, his dry passage agonisingly stretched out by the merciless entry of his brother's cock. Papyrus loves the way every time feels like their first. With Sans's magic being conjured anew for each session he'll never have the chance to adapt to Papyrus's formidable length and girth.

Sometimes, though, the burn of friction is more painful than stimulating even for Papyrus, and more and more he starts to think over Gaster's helpful suggestions about further ways they could improve Sans's body for their enjoyment. His brother is everything he's ever wanted, but the idea that he could be even more so... well, perhaps that can be explored in another experiment.





Amor Matris

Written by Soul

Illustrated by Beetle

Beta Read by Sesus

Ships: *Underfell Soriel*

Characters: *Underfell Sans, Underfell Toriel,
Underfell Papyrus*

Content Warnings: *Yandere Elements,
Forced Illness, Diseased Bones, Graphic Gore,
Broken Bones, Blood, Imprisonment, Protectiveness,
Poisoning, Poor Medical Practices, Force-Feeding,
Choking, Post-Neutral Ending (Empress Undyne)*





"knock, knock."

"Who is there?"

"pardon."

"Pardon who?"

"pardon my french but i fucking adore you!"

Silence. Terrible, soul-gripping silence. But then....

"Ha ha ha! Oh, that's so sweet!"

Sans sighs, relaxing against the door. She's laughing. She doesn't hate him.

"I must say, I find you a-*door*-able too!" she says, knocking against the sturdy wood.

He's barking out a full-bellied laugh before the pun registers. The cold is no match for the warmth spreading throughout his face.



It's an unnervingly quiet trip home, which isn't unusual in this area after the human's visit. The chirpy conversations between neighbors, the squeals of kids as they rush home from school, the clinking of glasses during happy hour at Grillby's. All memories of a bygone era.

Despite that, he's grinning the entire journey. It's been a while since he's felt like this. Happy. Genuinely happy.

That feeling diminishes as he enters the house. Papyrus is sitting on the couch, glaring at the television like it's insulted him.

"it works better if you turn it on, bro," Sans quips, though his smile slips. "you good?"

Papyrus just continues to sulk. Hardball, huh? Well, Sans knows how to coax it out of him. He

wordlessly grabs the old stuffed bunny and heats up a fresh cup of cocoa. By the time Papyrus has both of them in hand, the tears have started to spill.

It's the usual. The new usual, anyway. Undyne's pulling some inane shit—stationing Royal Guards where they don't belong, pulling in old favors. This time, however, she's dredged up an old rivalry in New Home, and Papyrus is convinced they're on the brink of war.

"SHE KEEPS SAYING IT'S TIME TO CONSCRIPT."

"won't happen, paps," Sans soothes. "undyne's just gonna get her ass kicked."

"SHE'S INSISTENT. SHE SAYS WE NEED NEW LEADERSHIP TO RETURN TO THE SURFACE."

"and that's gonna be her?" He shakes his head. "look, i know undyne. how about i go down there tomorrow and —"

"NO," Papyrus snaps, clinging fiercely to Fluffy Bunny.

"bro, come on."

"NO!" he repeats. "PROMISE YOU WILL NOT VISIT THE CAPITAL."

Sans rolls his eyes. "yeah, yeah."

That's his little bro in a nutshell. Always trying to keep everyone out of trouble. Cute sometimes, but annoying too.

"AND IF YOU GET DRAFTED—"

"i'm not gonna—"

"IF YOU DO! PROMISE ME YOU WILL RUN!" Papyrus sniffles. "YOU'RE... TOO FRAGILE."

Yeah, he couldn't take a hit or he'd crumble like a popato chisp, but all he'd need is one blaster and – Well, Paps doesn't need to know that.

"okay. promise."

It won't come to that, but Papyrus is all worked up. Thankfully, Sans's reassurances have pacified him; he sighs, squeezes Fluffy Bunny, and after a couple minutes of reflective silence, he turns to him, grinning devilishly.

"SO WHAT WERE YOU SO HAPPY ABOUT?"

Sans blinks at the abrupt change of topic. "what do you mean?"

"YOU CANNOT HIDE IT FROM ME! YOU WERE SMILING!" Papyrus pokes Sans in the midriff. "WAS IT YOUR 'FRIEND' BEHIND THE DOOR?"

Sans blushes. "heh. nothing gets past you."

Papyrus claps excitedly and invites further detail. As Sans spills the beans, Paps hangs onto every word, eating up the romantic crap with insatiable hunger.

"YOU TWO ARE SO SWEET! DO YOU THINK I WILL BE AN UNCLE?"

"what? no! that's not –"

"NYEH HEH! I AM KIDDING, SANS. THOUGH I DO THINK IT IS HIGH TIME I MEET THIS OLD LADY."

"yeah?"

"YES. I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HER INTENTIONS."

"heh. butting in again? classic papyrus."

Papyrus grumbles but grins as he finishes his cocoa.

The Guards show up one day. Papyrus was right; they're drafting able bodies and refusal isn't an option.

"GO TO THE OLD LADY," Papyrus hisses, urging him through the back window.

"her? but—"

"SHE AND I HAVE ALREADY DISCUSSED IT. NOW GO!"

When had they even met?

"PLEASE!"

He obeys without further question.

The main path is littered with Guards, but the woods are empty. He trips over roots and rocks, but pushes through the bruises and scrapes. As he spots the Ruins door, his soul twists with anxiety, anticipation. Sanctuary lies on the other side, and when he flings open the door, it's not quite so much like he's fleeing anymore, but rather stepping into another world.

He isn't expecting to immediately see her; it's not like she lives right on the other side of the door. Yet there she stands, wide-eyed and still.

Truth be told, he'd never really had an image of her. In his mind, she'd always been a disembodied voice. A concept more than a real monster. But as they stand there, speechless, there's one thing that stands out above all else: her beauty. "Old lady" his ass.

"Hello?" Her musical voice warms the dank hall. "Who are you? What do you want?"

Sans sighs, calming his nerves as he approaches. With his trademark smirk (and zipper to boot), he extends his hand.

"the name's sans."

She doesn't accept his hand, but a smile stretches across her face.



"It's you."

There's so much affection in her words that Sans can't help but grin back—this time less a smirk and more a warm welcome.

"I was wondering when you would gather the courage. Come," she says, motioning down the hall. "You simply must join me for tea."



Her name is Toriel. Toriel. It's such a familiar name, but Sans can't place where he's heard it before. Maybe from that old legend about the Angel of the Underground. It's that sort of name. Mythical. Powerful. Toriel.

In any case, Toriel's company is the best thing he could've gotten. Sure, her cooking is old-fashioned, and she really favors bitter flavors, but it's a million times better than Papyrus's stuff. Besides, it's cozy next to her fireplace, and they share rich discussions about the Underground's biodiversity, the thermodynamic benefits of the Core, and ways to improve monsterkind's educational system. He hasn't enjoyed anyone's companionship like this in ages. And she admits the same too.

"I'm afraid I'm just a lonely old lady, Sans. I don't do much but read and knit."

Heh. There's so much more to her than that. They take long walks, cook mouthwatering meals, and spend the day joking. For someone who doesn't spend much time with others, she's very good at friendship.

She can be shy though. Often, she leaves the house to explore the Ruins, impressing upon him the need for solitude, and although she says she's friendless, she texts someone at least once a day. Plus she's blockaded half the house. "Bad memories," she says.

Sans doesn't mind. In fact, he's glad she's independent. It's a nice change from taking care of Paps.

She's generous too. She happily offers her couch, and one night, her bed. Yeah, they're moving fast, fast enough that had she been any other monster he would've thought it a fling. But with her? No. It's more than that.

Waking up beside her, stroking her fur as she sleeps... well, it's a comfort he hasn't felt in ages.



Occasionally Sans texts Papyrus, but his replies are frustratingly blunt and admonish him for risking exposure.

Sans expresses his irritations to Toriel, but she quietens him with a kiss.

"He is just worried about you. Though it is for naught." Something clouds her expression. "No war shall ever touch you."

"huh?"

"Oh, nothing," she says radiantly. "Say, have you ever read Peek-A-Boo with Fluffy Bunny? It is one of my favorites!"



"To new beginnings!"

"to new beginnings."

They clink their glasses together and Sans swallows a deep draught of dandelion wine. It's sweet with a slight tang, almost like white wine.

"Snails?"

"don't mind if i do."

He dishes some roasted snails next to the dandelion salad and spiced berry medley.

"still can't believe how fast you whipped this up. looks amazing."

Toriel blushes. God, his soul can't take her beauty.

"Of course! I don't want you leaving without celebrating our newfound companionship."

"companionship, huh?" He winks. "guess you could call it that."

Her face reddens more. Heh.

The feast is such a sweet gesture, especially when he'll only be gone long enough to check on Papyrus—his replies have been so short and he's a little worried—but she insisted and he can't say no to her. Besides, all the food looks amazing.

Especially the mushroom soup. The rich, earthy smell has him salivating. He fills his bowl to the brim, then slurps it, piping hot, directly from the dish.

"Ahem! *What* are you doing?"

Sans freezes. Fuck. He should've known a high-class lady like her wouldn't appreciate shitty table manners. There's no doubting the fury in her eyes. She's looking at him like a disgusting roach.

"Hee hee! Just kidding!" She covers her fangs as she giggles. "You should see the look on your face!"

Sans is stunned by the whiplash of emotions, but then snorts, dribbling soup down his chin. Now Toriel is laughing even harder, and though he's soaked in soup, the laughter is infectious.

"guess i'm *souper* excited to eat."

"I can tell!" She reaches over and tenderly wipes his face, like Sans does for Paps. "But if you are not careful, you will not have *mushroom* for dessert. You do not want to miss out on my butterscotch-cinnamon pie."

"you underestimate my capacity for good food."

"Oh?" She leans forward with a flirtatious smirk. "I bet you cannot eat it all."

"heh. what're you betting?"

"Hmm. If you fail to eat everything, I get to keep you a little longer. And if you win—" Her mouth curls. "Well, I could send you off with a *bang*. If you catch my drift."

Sans ties a napkin around his neck like a bib. "you're on."

To say the food is delicious is the understatement of the century. Although there's that familiar bitter undertone to everything, Toriel has worked it to her favor. It plays off the sweetness of the flowers and berries, the snails' richness, the soup's umami. It's a culinary masterpiece in which Sans is delighted to partake.

Toriel is clearly impressed with his eating skills. Or horrified. She's wide-eyed and blushing as she watches. Wine always makes it easier to gorge himself, but he'll keep that quiet; it's his secret weapon to battle this smorgasbord.

As he rounds off the soup, though, he wavers. Physically. It's hard to tell at first, given how the alcohol has hazed his vision, but there's no mistaking the way his hand keeps fumbling the next plate, like something's preventing his fingers from flexing. And his back can't seem to properly hold his weight.

Toriel says something, but he can only blink lazily at her blurred form. He slumps into his chair, arms hanging uselessly at his side.

At some point, Toriel's soft arms cradle him. With her boss monster soul humming close to his head, he relaxes into a peaceful slumber.



Something's wrong with him.

He's buried in a mountain of blankets, trembling with fever. Every time he shifts, he feels as though his bones are weighed down. They're sluggish. Heavy. When he tries to push past the weight

to move, it's like electric shocks jolt through his limbs, pricking deep into his marrow. Moving his spine is the worst; his cervical vertebrae pinch tight, as if caught in a vice. All he can do is shut his eyes and wait for the moment to pass, and when it finally does, he can't even lift his arms to wipe away his tears.

It's lucky he has Toriel to take care of him. She must've dragged his pathetic ass from the kitchen to the bedroom, a feat only someone as strong as her is capable of. To his surprise, though, he's not in Toriel's room, but another bedroom entirely. Her dead kid's room? Toriel had mentioned it at some point last night. Sans isn't sure when, exactly. The half-memory is tainted with nausea and exhaustion.

In any case, it's creepy as hell. Old crayon drawings plaster the walls, he's stuck in a kid-sized bed (which fits him perfectly), and several pairs of worn-out children's shoes are tucked halfway under the bedframe. She's got it set up like her kid has just ducked out to play with some friends or something. Like they aren't dead.

He's exaggerating, he knows. The room isn't that weird, and it makes sense why a grieving mother would cling to the last memories of her child. It's just bizarre that she brought him here.

In any case, she knows how to baby him. Every couple hours she comes in to check on him, her worry plain as day. She wipes the sweat from his brow,

administers medicine, and at mealtime, props him up with pillows and handfeeds him more of that soul-warming soup. It hurts dreadfully every time she moves him, but her tender touches are worth it.

"There, there," she coos as she strokes his skull. "You will feel better soon."

Oh, but he already feels better.



His phone is gone.

He only realizes it after a few days, when Toriel's been gone several hours, off to forage. His head has cleared, which is odd since he hasn't eaten since this morning. He tries to sit up, and—



"oh fuck," he hisses as his bones audibly pop. Shit, that hurts.

It takes a few tries, but he manages to nudge the covers off his body. He freezes as he spots his bare bones. When had she stripped him? And *why*?

He shakes off the distraction. Last he remembers, his phone had been in his pocket. Or was it the kitchen? Or it could've been the dining table.

It's so hard to focus, his thoughts keep straying to other topics like his brother, the feast, the soft kisses....

And his body. He can't tear his gaze from his ribcage. The bones are slicked with sweat, and the color.... Is it the lighting? Or are they really that dull, dusty grey? Some of his ribs even look semi-transparent, like they're comprised of misty glass. And he's never been a stranger to cracks—it's impossible to avoid, for someone as fragile as him—but there's hundreds of tiny fissures lacing his spine and arms that weren't there before.

Panic firmly nestles into his chest. Holy shit. This isn't right. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

"I have returned!" Toriel calls, her singsong voice carrying through the door. By the time she enters the room, however, Sans's fear has wrung tears from him.

"Oh my – What is wrong, Sans?" she cries, dropping the basket of mushrooms as she rushes to his side. "Are you in pain? Let me administer your—"

Sans grabs her arm. Attempts to anyway. His fingers can't close, and even that simple effort leaves him gasping with pain.

"there's something wrong with me, tori," he manages. "i'm sick!"

Toriel tuts. "Yes, I know that, buttercup."

"*real* sick! like... i've never been this sick." He's panting hard enough that it's hurting his ribs.

And is he imagining the cracking noises? "you gotta get me to a healer."

"I *am* a healer, Sans." She draws the blanket over his body, hiding the terrible sight.

"a proper one!"

Toriel stiffens then shakes her head with a sigh. "You would not know this, of course, but I offered medical support during the last war. I know my way around illness and injury."

"i'm sure you're great, but please.... i think i've got a disease or something. if you could carry me—"

"To where? The hospital? That is all the way in New Home." She crosses her arms. "There is a war."

"then call someone. my phone... i can call for a healer. i know some monsters."

"We do not need to," she snaps.

"god, listen. i know my own body. this isn't good. please, check my pocket for my phone."

"It is not in your pocket."

She reaches atop the dresser adjacent to the bed. God, it seems so much shorter next to her.

"It's here," she says, showing him.

He reaches for it, but his damned arms. Fuck....

"Oh, you wretched thing." She returns the phone to the dresser and bends down to pet him. "What you need is rest."

"no," Sans says very clearly. "what i need is to call someone. a healer. my brother."

"Your brother," she says, withdrawing with a sudden and pugnacious fury, "is fine. There is no need to concern him."

"i don't care if *he's* fine! i'm the one dying here!"



"YOU ARE NOT DYING!" Toriel screams, her eyes maddeningly wide.

It feels like the floor has dropped out from under him. "i—"

"ENOUGH!" Her hands are crackling with flames. She's bent into a fighting position, body quivering as she stares him down. "NO ONE IS GOING TO DIE!"

Sans might be a fucking idiot (as evident from his current predicament), but he knows when to shut up. He cowers in bed, wincing from pain as he trembles. Eventually the flames sputter away, casting them in the familiar dark, cozy atmosphere. She leaves the room, blank-eyed, sullen, and speechless.

He isn't sure what to think until she returns later to lay her weight upon him, his bones screaming, popping, snapping, as she force-feeds him more of that God-awful soup. The bitterness fills his palette, and he chokes hard before passing out.



The phone's on the dresser. Right on the edge. Taunting him. All it would take is a good, solid push.

He's been staring at it for a week, praying it'll come down on its own. It's got to be done. He has to make himself.

That morning he pulls the blankets to his chin. It takes more than a dozen attempts,

and it's barely in time for Toriel's morning greeting, but he manages.

She fusses over him, wiping away his tears. When she feeds him, she doesn't notice that when he swallows the soup it spills through his ribcage, soaking the bed. Nor does she notice how he fakes his snores after breakfast. She brushes his skull and assures him she'll return from her foraging trip soon.

The moment the front door closes, Sans's eyes open.

The lingering effects of last night's dosage of drugs have to fade before he begins, otherwise the pain will be paralyzing. But he can't take too long. She'll return soon.

Fifteen minutes. That's how long he allows himself to rest. Any more than that and he risks losing the nerve to do it at all.

He counts the seconds before drawing the blanket off him. It's much easier than pulling it up; he's worked out a system of pinching and tugging that doesn't strain his bones. Once free, he warily eyes the phone atop its pedestal.

It's time.

With an even breath, he turns towards the towering dresser, hissing through clenched teeth as his spine reverberates with sickening pops. Fuck, FUCK! He's only moved a couple inches and he's already panting. Not incapacitated though. He's got to count every blessing.

Several attempts later and he's on his side, eyes burning with tears from straining to keep his ribcage and arms leveraged upwards. He swears he can hear his pelvis splintering as it holds his weight. There's no time to pause, not with the electric pain shooting up his spine, threatening to render him unconscious, so he takes in a shuddering breath and lifts his left arm.

A scream, soft and unbidden, squeezes from between his teeth. His breathing comes rough, scraping his scapula against his ribcage. And his arm.... The pain is blinding as he stretches, stretches, stretches—

CRACK!

His hand lands on the dresser as his ilium gives way. Searing pain bursts through him as his ribcage and right arm crash onto the bed. He flinches, and, unbalanced, his hand skates across the dresser. There's a voice somewhere, distant, shrieking as he tumbles to the floor.

With his arm extended, it takes the impact, though it can't endure his weight. He can't see it—everything is too blurry—but he can *feel* it. The ulna is too weak. SNAP.

He blacks out as his face slams into the floor.



Pain. That's all he knows, for a time. His body pulses with it, controls him, grips so fiercely that he dare not move.

Sobbing. Hard breathing. Those are the sounds he wakes to. It takes him several minutes to register how the noise correlates with his mouth's movement. With every inhale, his jaw throbs with renewed pain.

He cracks open his eyes. His mandible.... It's sitting in front of his face, twisted and half detached. Seeping out the latticed, spongy bone is blood, oddly congealed and brown.

His vision flickers.

Fuck. This is how he dies. Like an idiot.

As he feels the thickened blood pool around his jawbone, he sees his phone. It's resting near his outstretched, mangled arm, on the floor.

He's crying again. Maybe laughing. Probably both.

That stops when he hears the front door.

No.

Although it takes every inch of willpower, he forces himself not to scream as he extends the last inch and shifts his phone toward him. Fuck. Nowhere to hide it. The bed?

Trembling so hard his bones audibly rattle, he maneuvers his right arm from beneath him. It's broken too, though instead of a clean snap, the humerus is split like a faultline into three delicate fragments. One wrong move and they'll splinter. He has to risk it. Pushing through the pain, he wrenches his arm behind him and blindly tucks the phone between the mattress and bedframe.

Are chunks of bone sloughing off him? Has he

lost his mind from the pain? Maybe his limbs are detaching. It hurts so badly that he almost wishes it. He giggles mindlessly at the image of an armless skeleton.

By the time Toriel discovers him, he's unconscious, though a demented smile alights his face.



When he awakens, his arms are a mess of bloodied gauze that barely hide the jagged ends. Toriel can't heal the left ulna; it'll remain maimed forever. His right arm—Toriel unwinds the bandages, and between the sight and stench of infection, he nearly vomits.

Yet somehow it hurts less than the rest of his body.

"Do not speak," she orders, voice gruff, as she tends to his reattached mandible. "Your jaw must heal. Your ribs and pelvis too."

Sans whimpers, and Toriel's face darkens.

"If you cannot behave, I will tie you down." She softens. "Please rest. I care for you too much."

He wishes she didn't care about him at all.



Toriel's deemed it safe to lower his dosage—enough to restrain his magical attacks but not to render him half-senseless from bone pain like before. Regardless, it still hurts too much to move. His attempts end with him crying out for Toriel's medication and attention.

Attention. He hates it but craves it. He craves *her*. Now that he's not drugged into a stupor, he's bored to the brink of madness, and Toriel has punished him by forbidding books. She's his only source of... comfort.

That's about to change. Weeks later, he's finally strong enough to fish the phone from the

untouched hiding spot. Thank God, it's been off this whole time; there's enough power for one quick call.

"c'mon... c'mon... paps!" Sans whispers as the ringing stops. "you there?"

"SANS?"

"thank fuck. bro, listen to me. toriel—the old lady—has me locked up."

"YOU—"

"no, wait, my phone's gonna die. bring as many monsters as you can and get ready to fight—"

"BUT HOW DID—"

"*papyrus*," Sans hissed, "listen!"

"BUT SHE SAID SHE WAS TAKING YOUR PHONE!"

"stop interrupting, it's – wait, what?"

His phone...?

"I AM SORRY, I SHOULD NOT HAVE LIED," Papyrus confesses, "BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!"

Sans's mouth dries. "what're you saying?"

"SHE PROMISED SHE'D KEEP YOU SAFE! UNTIL THE WAR ENDS!"

"you... did this?"

There's noise in the background. Metal clanging. Magical attacks.

"I MUST GO! WHEN EVERYTHING HAS SETTLED, WE'LL TALK. I LOVE YOU!"

The phone clicks and as he lifts his gaze from the phone, he sees the silhouette in the doorway.



It's Made with LV

Written by JellyFnF

Illustrated by TheJessoMess

Beta Read by LazySintastic13

Ships: None

Characters: *Horrorfell Sans, Horrorfell Papyrus*

Content Warnings: *Graphic Blood, Dismemberment, Quad-Amputation, Cannibalism, Broken Bones, Emetophilia (Vomiting), Eye Trauma, Choking, Nonconsensual, Drugging/Tranquilizing, Begging, Fainting, Crying, Starvation, Brotherly Betrayal, Twisted Love, Mind Break, Euphoria (Described as "Feeling High")*



In the morning, Sans wakes to a thick aroma wafting through his nasal cavity; it warms the house with a divine fragrance that he can't even begin to describe. Something wonderful is cooking downstairs.

His mouth salivates and his stomach grumbles. That long forgotten sensation of hunger is settling back in his bones like an unwelcome resident. He is starving... and that alluring smell gets him out of bed and to his feet in a leap.

He stumbles down the stairway and swings on the railing to redirect himself to the kitchen. Papyrus is crouching over the stove, humming a chaotic and tuneless melody with glee. Sans smirks. He hasn't seen his little brother so happy in a long time.

"our traps worked?" He wiggles his butt into a dusty chair.

"SANS!" Papyrus screeches. His voice is even scratchier today. Sans flinches at the pitch. "GOOD MORNING! I MADE SOUP." He places down a steamy bowl in front of Sans. A golden-orange broth bubbles in front of him with fatty, glistening oils. They sit in a thick puddle on top of the broth, tempting Sans with a unique smell.



That sickly sweet and nauseating scent makes his gut twist around his spine, clawing at the inside of his bones. Grumbling with hunger, his soul quivers inside his ribs. The meal is taunting him, but he grits his teeth hard. Hard enough that he can taste actual blood in his mouth. The metallic beads of blood slide down his throat, quenching his urge just a bit. He wants to dive in and eat... but he won't. He'll only eat if there's enough for Pap too.

Sans tilts his chin up, checking if his brother's bowl is full, or if he's playing pretend. Somehow, *miraculously*, he is not. There is a little surprised trill in the back of his throat when Sans brightens up and realizes with no uncertainty that there is enough food for both of them.

Restraint forgotten, he lifts the soup bowl to his chin and takes his first gulp!

Hot creamy broth courses through his cold throat and he exhales steam. A shudder scurries up his spine as it warms him from the inside out. The metallic taste of his blood is still on his tongue, but Sans couldn't care less. It doesn't tarnish the flavor at all. Every hot steamy sip of the soup is delicious!

"this is amazing, paps!" Sans compliments eagerly. Across the table his brother blossoms with color. His disfigured smile cracks wide with pride. Sans picks up the bowl in both hands, feeling the cold of his fingertips just melt away.

"what's in it?"

Without skipping a beat, Papyrus lifts up his shirt. Strange, until Sans notices something out of place.

One...? Two...? Three...? He counts the ribs in his head, slow to catch onto what is missing from this particular puzzle. But when he sees it, his one good eye-light blows wide in horror.

"paps...?" Sans chokes. "...what did you do to y-y-your ribs?!" Staring at his little brother's mutilated ribcage he gasps. The stubs are rough, like they've been sawed off. The jagged ends are mangled. Splintered and pulled apart like the ends of string cheese.

But at the end of the nubs—jammed into the cracked boundary—the bones have been sloppily reattached. Sans's jaw drops in disgust as he looks at the shitty patch job Papyrus has managed. Each end of his ribs are shriveled up and sliced down the center in an uneven zigzag. They look as though they've been bound with tape and reinforced with glue. It looks painful. Agonizing, even. Would that even heal?

How could he do that to *himself*!? Why would he-?!

And then it clicks. The metallic flavor in his mouth wasn't *just* blood. It was the iron of marrow and collagen combined into a thick meaty soup. Sans whips his head down to stare into the soup, then back up to his dear brother.

It was bone broth.

Oh stars, he was going to be *sick*!

Violently the food comes bursting through his lower jaw, spilling to the floor. Sans clasps a hand in front of his mouth. He clenches his teeth tightly to not lose that precious fuel. His tongue burns from the sour, acidic bile. He shoves his chair away from the table and gets up to run to the bathroom... but he can't hold it back. He falls to his knees and vomits right there in the kitchen. Heave after heave, the eruptions *squirt* past his shut teeth until his stomach is painfully empty again.

Everything spins. He's light-headed, worse than before. Tears spill down his face from gagging so harshly. Behind him, Paps's boots clack against the kitchen tile. His brother kneels on the ground beside him. There is a soft touch of cold phalanges snaking across his shoulder blades.

"YOU'VE WASTED SO MUCH FOOD. OH NO." He sounds sad and heartbroken that this precious

meal he poured his soul into has ended up on the floor. Sans's gut twists, knowing where Papyrus's disappointment comes from and the amount of effort he put into the meal. He's frustrated with himself that he wasted that precious resource all over the floor. He opens his jaw, about to sincerely apologize, but Papyrus hums.

"I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO *LICK IT UP*."

Surely he's heard that wrong. "what did you say, pa-?"

A flat, cold palm spreads out over the back of his skull. Sans's eyes snap open. With a shove, Papyrus pushes him forward until he stumbles and collapses face-first in the pile of vomit.

The smell of his stomach contents is deeply unappetizing, but far worse is that the tips of Papyrus's fingers inside the crack of his cranium. Intentionally or not, they trace the broken boundary of the skull and his inner mind. It sends a chill through his spine as the old wound flares up and his mind whites out.

"LICK."

Sans's head is bowed to the floor. His nasal cavity drips with his own puke. He whimpers, eyeing the mess with a tinge of guilt. Papyrus broke himself for this. It's the only food they've had in weeks.



And well... he *is* hungry.

Maybe it would taste just as good the second time. He sticks out his tongue...

"YOU'RE VERY NAUGHTY TO BE WASTING FOOD, BROTHER." He grabs Sans's shoulder and slams him into the ground. "NOW I HAVE TO GATHER THE INGREDIENTS AGAIN~" Suddenly Papyrus yanks his arm and twists it from the socket.

"gaaAAAAHH!" Sans screams. White-hot pain radiates through his shoulder blade and pinches the nerves in his neck and spine. In broken and raspy chokes, air escapes from his mouth as he struggles to breathe.

With a clean *-pop-* the bone bursts out of the socket and dislocates.

The tear is so painful that Sans can't even vocalize a sound. Instead of words, his jaw flops open wide in an O of disbelieving shock. But it's not over; Papyrus continues pulling, playing tug of war with the lifeless limb until it starts to tear in the center.

Strands of blood and marrow create a gooey web, gumming the joint together as it finally separates. It twists counter-clockwise, grinding into itself on the shattered bone as a wedge to cut deeper.

"IT'S OKAY, SANS~" his brother hums, "DON'T TRY TO FIGHT IT. YOUR BROTHER WILL MAKE IT ALL BETTER..."

Sans wheezes weakly for breath, clawing at the tiles until chips of his own fingertips scrape on the granite. Finally, he hears a horrible crack behind him, akin to the felling of a great oak tree. It's the sound of ligaments twisting in on themselves, creating a domino effect of shattering bone. Shards fly off in opposite directions and hit him in the back of the head with harsh flicks. With a tink of shattering glass, his health drops. Sans squeezes his eyes closed and begs for this to be over as wet marrow splatters the back of his head.

Why isn't he dusting? His soul shivers and squeezes inside his chest. It pleads with him to run. Whatever fraction of his soul remains screams at him in pure animalistic terror. *He has to get away!*

Reaching deep inside the wells of his magic, Sans has just enough power to snatch up his brother's soul. He turns him blue and yanks him away. Papyrus falls against the sink as gravity shifts for him alone.

But it will only be a matter of time before his magic comes undone. Sans scrambles away, tenderly scooping his wounded arm off the ground. A darkened syrup flows from the lattices and cracks, leaching more and more of his magical life force. He throws off his disheveled sweater and quickly ties the sleeves together and around the injury. He pulls it tight around the thickly oozing break, trying to lessen the blood flow. Then he hastily runs to the door before Papyrus recovers.

Outside the wind is howling. The chill seeps into his skull as ice crystals blow into his eye sockets. He has to fight against the pressure to turn his head and run in the opposite direction. With the wind at his back, every step feels faster and faster, but he's panting hard. The air is so icy that it hurts to take deep breaths. Yet he pushes himself to keep going. His brother's lanky legs are longer than Sans is tall. So every step he strides is two steps for Sans. He'll catch up in no time flat, removing any hope of getting away.

"SAAANS?!" Papyrus's yell is all too close for comfort. He isn't out of breath either. "COME BACK TO ME, SANS! I CAN HELP SNAP IT BACK IN!"

Papyrus merely has to 'chase' him down by following the bloody rose petals eaten into the snow. The dark of night makes the blotched trail even easier to see.

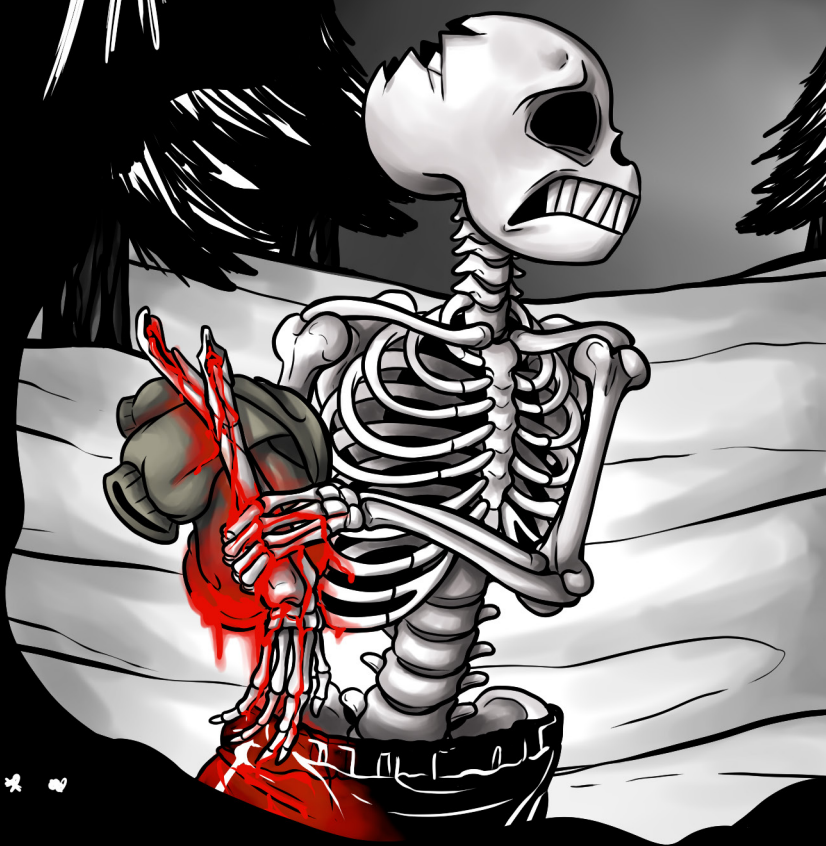
"I'LL MAKE IT A CLEANER CUT NEXT TIME~"



The Jess & Mess



LAAN4?!



♪ COME BACK TO ME



I CAN HELP SNAP IT BACK IN

Sans shivers... and not just because it's cold. It's only taken Papyrus a matter of minutes to catch up to him and now he is so close. Running now will only alert him to his location, so Sans carefully sidles over the exposed roots of a nearby tree. He snakes back to the trunk of the monolith so he could hide among the black oaken darkness, where hopefully, the blood trail will blend in with the leaves.

He normally wears his hoodie when he's hunting in these woods, so it doesn't occur to him that a white skull is the worst camouflage out here until it's too late. It shows beautifully against the canvas of a dark oak tree.

"THERE YOU ARE, BROTHER~" Papyrus sings. Sans's soul leaps to his throat when he hears that. And then his soul literally leaps out in front of him. Blue.

He can't move.

He can't move.

He can't move!

He can't move!!!

His limbs tremble and tink against each other like wind chimes. He can't make out Papyrus from here... but he sees the orange burnt sienna color of his eye light blazing in the dark. It's terrifying now that it's on him. Watching. Calculating. And when it flicks over to the left, something catches his eye.

Sans glances over too. Well... as much as he can, while being frozen in place. He can't even move his neck, but he knows all too well the layout of this forest. One of his traps is nearby.

Papyrus smirks, idly waving his hand over to the trap. Slowly, Sans's soul is dragged in that direction as gravity shifts once more.

"no, no, **no, no!**" he panics. A lump comes up his throat.

"I CAUGHT A BIG ONE, BROTHER." Papyrus giggles. Against his will, Sans is dropped down on top of the contraption. Immediately a loop of rope whips taut around his ankle.

Shit-! He's pulled up into the treeline, smacking against branches and sleeping bats. He flounders against the tug of the rope, dropping his arm but doing the best he could to evade part two of the trap. But then the slingshot throws out dozens of spiny needles into the trees. Even if it had been broad daylight out, he couldn't block them all. He feels the tiny sting of a needle against his leg, at the side of his neck, and in the crevice between his skull and spine.

Everything blurs... The rocking of the rope trap becomes a soothing call to sleep, accompanied by Papyrus's satisfied hums.

"AREN'T YOU PROUD OF ME?"



Waking up is a painful and groggy experience. His head is already pounding with an intolerable ache; it makes the numb feeling of unconsciousness a welcome treat in comparison.

Sensation and pain comes back to him as his mind wakes. And he realizes with horror that both his arms are detached. It is a poor hack job. Ligaments of marrow are still holding it together like a doll with strings, but the nerves are completely severed. It looks worse under the bright light of their home.

Oh, stars... he had been dragged back *home*. A gravelly cry escapes his throat as he turns to his side and coughs up blood. It alerts the predator in the room that he is awake.

Papyrus's heavy boots creak on the old floorboards as he creeps his way over to him. "GOOD! YOU'RE FINALLY AWAKE, BROTHER. WHY DID YOU RUN FROM ME? IT WAS AWFULLY RUDE OF YOU."

Flitting through his mind are horrible memories and an ache in the broken dome of his skull. He trembles as lanky limbs cage him in, and Papyrus's dominating size blocks out the ceiling lights.

"y-y-you were going to e-eat me?" The brim of Sans's eye sockets fills with tears. Conflicting emotions leave him paralyzed. He's filled with terror, deep, deep love for his brother, and a terrible, aching sadness that his own incompetence has driven them to this... *cannibalism*.

Papyrus's face twists even more as he considers such a horrible thing. But then he turns to his big brother and smiles widely.

"AWW, SANS... YOU'RE SO WRONG," he hums. "I'M NOT TRYING TO *HURT* YOU. I'M TRYING TO *HELP* YOU!"

That couldn't be true. Sans whimpers, as he's forced to sit in Papyrus's lap. Pitiful sobs run down his cheeks and he can't even raise his stubby arms to wipe them away. Papyrus cradles him and wipes away his tears.

With his tongue.

The slimy tendril enters his mouth and sloppily coils inside his skull. Lapping away at the blood inside his mouth and pushing deep into his braincase. Inside his skull, there is a cacophony of magic that forms his eyelights and sends signals of movement instructions to his extremities. But when a wet tongue laps at those synapses, Sans's body goes limp.

It's like his whole body stops functioning. He can't move. He can't even *breathe*. Paralysis ebbs at his soul and tightens around his throat. It feels as though a constrictor is slithering its way around his spine. Every second it threatens to choke him, getting tighter and tighter, squeezing the life out of him until all he can hear is the loud pulse of his soul.

Less than a doll, he just lies there while Papyrus laps at the inside of his skull. Cleaning him with the thorough attention of a mother cat. The invasive feeling is wrong. He can't even gurgle his discomfort when a thoroughly satisfied Pap finally releases him.

"OOPS, I GOT CARRIED AWAY," his brother admits sheepishly. "IT'S JUST... I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD TASTE SO GOOD, BROTHER. I MEAN... I KNEW... I JUST... TRIED NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT."

Sans shakes as he recovers from the mind numbing tonguing. His eyelights flutter in place with a painful throb.



"BUT NOW... I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD." Papyrus grins. "ALL THIS TIME WE WERE TRYING TO FIND FOOD... BUT THERE WAS FOOD RIGHT HERE. INSIDE US." He traces the outline of Sans's sternum. Rubs his phalanges over it like a prized pig. Admires him.

"I PROMISED YOU I'D DO IT CLEANER." He extends his crooked back and spreads his reach up for the counter, helping himself stand up to explore the kitchen. Sans jerks involuntarily on the floor, unable to move still... even as he watches his brother return with a large dusty cleaver.

He draws the knife up to his face, examining it. The glint of steel reflects back the terrified form of his older brother.

"I WANNA SHOW YOU, SANS," he whispers. "THE FLOWER TOLD ME HOW. I'LL JUST HAVE TO BREAK ALL YOUR BONES. AND THEN PUT YOU BACK TOGETHER."

"wha-!!" Sans squeezes his eyes tight. This has to be a dream. *This has to be a dream!* It isn't really his sweet innocent Paps. This is something **sick** and **twisted**. Yet the monster raises the blade and with a clean slice severs his tendons. Sans can't even utter a scream.

The small ligaments that hold his arm together are just as sensitive as raw nerve endings. The slice sends a jolt of shock through his arm, making his fingers twitch brokenly. And strangely enough... there is some satisfaction in finally being free from the hanging stringy veins. A release.

Papyrus proudly holds the arm in front of him, showing it off to Sans like it is a thing of beauty.

"IT'S EASIER WHEN YOU DON'T FIGHT BACK. SEE?"

Sans whines softly, his eyes transfixed on what Papyrus is doing. The knife slides through his arm vertically, opening it up as easily as a stalk of celery. It parts the bone in two long canals that Pap drags his gloved finger through and licks up with delight.

"DELICIOUS. SEE BROTHER? SEE?" His sticky fingers claw out the inner marrow and shove it inside Sans's mouth. It mixes with his saliva, forcing Sans to taste the life-giving marrow inside him.

It is raw... but fresh. The taste, the flavor of metal and runny pulpy egg yolk, makes him salivate. With curious horror, he tastes himself. Eye lights blow wide in overwhelmed surprise.

He tastes *good*.

Papyrus hums happily, grabbing cooking tools with a renewed love for cooking. Empty pots, jars, spoons, and knives plop on the floor of his new workspace. The kitchen counters don't offer the same space for excavating a live victim.

Sans is dragged into his lap. Happily, Papyrus holds the two things he loves most in his arms. His brother and food. Sans is trapped as his brother crouches against his back. With nowhere to escape, he watches numbly as his broken limb is balanced over Papyrus's knee. In one hand, Papyrus holds it down; in the other, he drags a spoon through the crevice.

An ear-piercing scream erupts from Sans's mouth, but his brother sings, his voice drowning out his pitiful screams. The melody is accompanied by

the scraping sound of the spoon scooping up the soft marrow. The grating metal scratches through every crevice. It itches as the marrow is stripped from the canals. Sans's voice goes hoarse as his body is violated from the inside out.

Soon only Papyrus's singing remains with Sans's bones becoming an accompanying musical instrument. The hollow echoing sound is enough to send a chill down his spine.

A jar fills with his essence.

Again and again, the spoon carves out the inside of his bones, until the marrow is gone. Then the bone is dropped inside the pot, and Papyrus moves onto the next. He clips the next limb from Sans's body as though he is nothing but a fruit tree.

Sans weakly gurgles out words. "*hrrrk- stop...*" he begs, but his voice can barely go above a whisper. He wonders if Papyrus can even hear him.

"...please stop, paps..." he cries, but Papyrus only hums louder.

When the next bone is scraped clean, he moves onto Sans's ribs.

Sans shudders violently in his brother's arms.

He chokes on his own spittle.

He blacks out and wakes to the horrible scratching inside his bones.

Again and *again*...

It tears him up from the inside out.

Without a breath to take, his eye rolls up into the back of his head. His body jerks uncontrollably. He bites down his tongue, enduring it. Waiting for this torture to end. Waiting for some reset to let him wake up in his bedroom again. But despite the pain wracking his body, it's not enough to kill him. The world flashes white and rings out like a gong inside his skull. A thundering quake echoes through his body, as his soul's heartbeat ominously decays.



Ba-dump. Ba-dump.

Unconsciously he takes a breath only to suck on the warm metallic taste of his blood, clogging up his throat and choking him. His blood bubbles up through his throat, filling his nasal cavity and suffocating him as it begins to coagulate. His chest collapses inward, drawing every ounce of air from his body.

He tries, futilely, one last time to push himself away from Papyrus, only for his ulna to snap like chalk and fly off to the corner of the kitchen where it hits the wall and fractures into pieces. His little brother's weight pins him in close. His crushing embrace holds Sans still even as he thrashes. Singing louder, he excavates what's left of each arm, snapping them off once his job is done. Blood splashes thickly around him.

Is this how he's going to die?

His single eyelight rolls into the back of his head. Each breath leaves him suckling on the warm metallic taste of his own blood.

"stars, pap! stop! just stop! just let me die already!" he tries to shout, but he chokes on the words and they come out as garbled nonsense. Over his teeth, blood spills out from his useless flapping tongue.

And in the middle of it—all the pain from having his bones stripped while he is awake, the pain from gurgling on his very breath, the pain of suffocating on his blood, the pain from breaking his arm and ribcage—there is a spark of pleasure.

Relief.

Sans reaches for it. This new high.

Blocking out the pain leaves only this warped sense of pleasure in his mind. A crooked smile creeps over Sans's face. How long has Papyrus been doing this to him? Minutes? Hours? Does it matter? All of time feels frozen.

Breaking bones. Scraping out the marrow. Swathing him in a warm embrace. And the whole

time, Sans feels the connection of his limbs even though they are disconnected from him. It is an itch he can't scratch. A clawing sensation inside of his mind.

It is only a matter of time before everything... snaps.



Sans can't be sure what time it is when his demented brother finally releases him. He's just been staring at the ceiling light bulb for so long it had started to burn a hole through his eyelights.

He feels cold. Everything feels cold... despite the warm, cooling, blood surrounding him.

One by one, his arms, his legs, his fingers, his toes, his ribs... his appendages have been scraped from him. Now they are boiling on the stovetop with an erotic aroma, making Sans salivate in perverse need.

Fuck, he smells good. Delicious.

Sans's tongue spills out from his mouth, desperate for that taste of marrow, mind broken and barely holding on.

By the time Papyrus finishes the job, Sans is nothing more than a skull attached to broken ribs and a semi bruised spinal column. Strange that he doesn't feel pain anymore... nor a magical attachment to his limbs. Everything feels... mercifully... light.

Tears stream from his eye sockets as he raspily begs Papyrus for more. After the soup boils, Papyrus plans to patch Sans together, let him heal, and do this again next month.

Papyrus hunches over the wormy-like skeleton, whispering praises to his big brother, promising they'll never go hungry again.



The Perfect Puppy

Written by Acci

Illustrated by Lazy-Bones

Beta Read by Uggy and Soul

Ships: *Swapcest (Underswap Fontcest)*

Characters: *Underswap Sans, Underswap Papyrus*

Content Warnings: *Yandere Papyrus, Petplay, Dubious Consent (Dubcon) Turned Nonconsensual, Abusive Relationship, Twisted Brotherly Love, Betrayal, Drugging, Dismemberment, Pulverization, Forced Autocannibalism, Forced Feeding, Emotional Manipulation, Insects, Mouth Gag*



"Now stay put or else, Blue!"

The door slammed shut, leaving Sans mercilessly alone on the icy ground. Sans stared mournfully at his legs, or rather, where his legs used to be.

He was beginning to regret ever agreeing to try puppy play with Papy. It had sounded fun and his brother had said that it was something that other couples did. Sans hadn't found anything like it in his dating book, but surely Papy wouldn't steer him wrong!

And yes, he had enjoyed the first couple times, but lately his brother had taken to doing it every day. Sometimes he'd even only refer to him as his puppy named "Blue." Once in a while he'd gag him because "Puppies can't talk, little Blue. Now walk over here properly or I'll have to discipline you again." Recently Papy had started waiting until Sans slept to remove his legs so he would be forced to crawl everywhere on his hands and femurs. His "doggy walk" as Papy called it. Sans wouldn't mind so much if Papy would just warn him first, but his brother always called it a surprise special date, and it wouldn't be a surprise if Sans knew about it first, would it?

Where could Papy have hidden his legs this time? The snowy ground outside the house left no clue for Sans to follow. He sighed and closed his eyes, trying to activate his magic. There were a couple of tense seconds before he felt a distant pull, deep within Snowdin Forest. He gritted his teeth; it would take hours for him to drag himself there and dig them up.

Sans raised a hand to the collar Papy placed around him during puppy time. Papy said it signaled the beginning and end of their special dates and to never take it off without his consent. The rule was that while he was wearing it, he was expected to obey all of Papy's orders. Sans had found that out the hard way once.

With a guilty glance towards their house, Sans began to crawl through the snow behind the town's buildings, the collar swaying and tapping

his clavicles with each shuffling movement. He couldn't just wait around for his brother to return; he needed to be ready in case a human showed up!

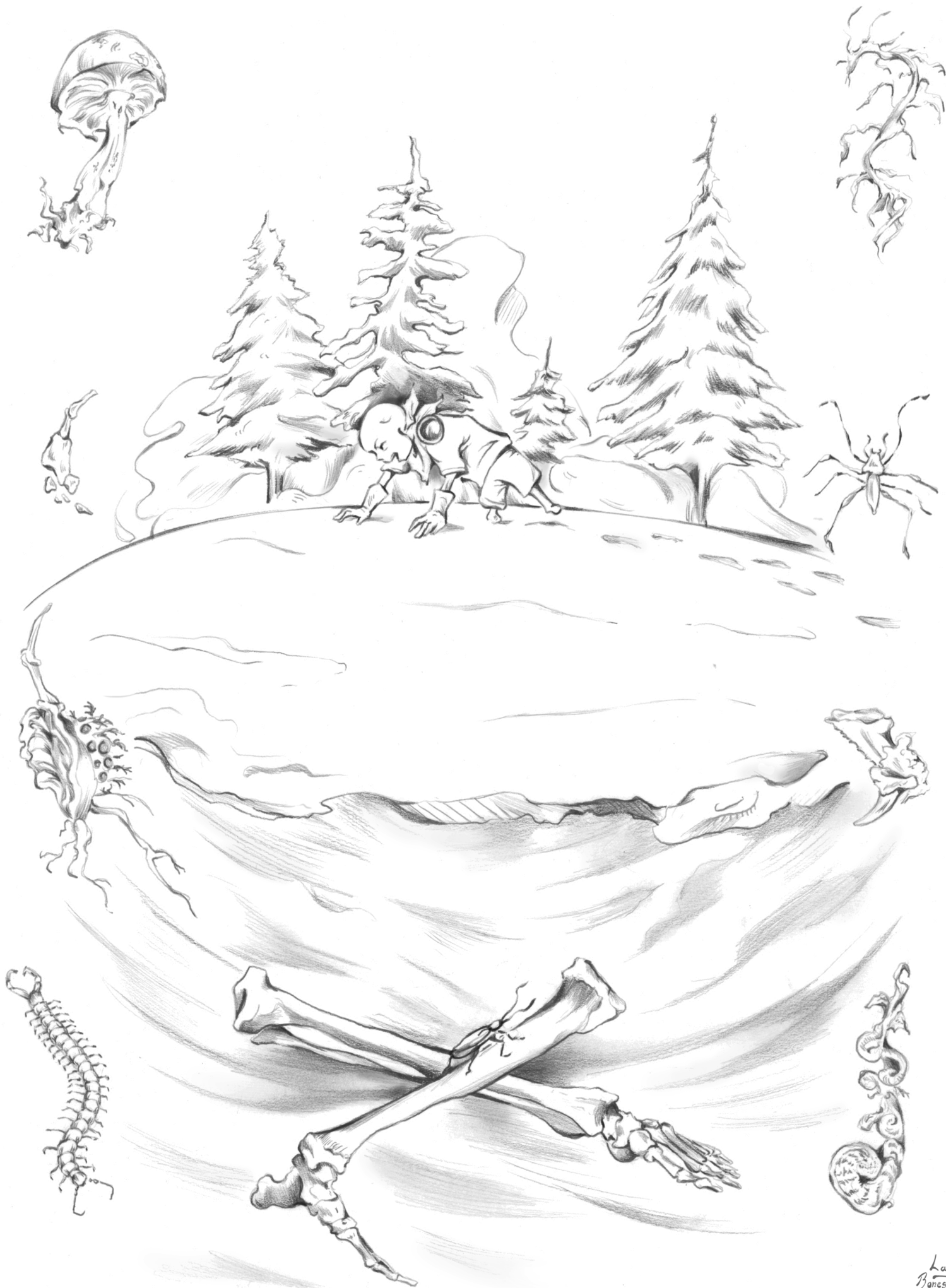
Luckily this side of town was deserted at this hour, and Sans reached the edge of the forest without anyone discovering him. No one had seen him like this yet and he sincerely hoped today wouldn't be the first time.

It was these thoughts that encouraged Sans through the long trip deep into the forest, the pull growing stronger with every second. As he concentrated on his tibias, he could feel them shift in the heavy earth. It must have taken Papy ages to bury them as deep as they were!

As he dragged himself through the foliage, Sans felt something. An itch. It spread down his dislocated right leg. Oh no... A bug? It skittered around, driving him mad while he was unable to swipe it away. It was a few agonizing minutes while he shuddered and clenched his fist, all forward progress stopped. Eventually the bug wiggled its way off of his bone and Sans could relax. A single tear of frustration escaped his eyesockets before he puffed up his chest and continued onward with renewed energy.

Only minutes later and he was there, indicated not only by the fresh pile of dirt but also by the way the soil slid so quickly over his bones as they wiggled their way to freedom. Just in time too; Sans would never admit it, but he was exhausted from crawling around like a young pup. He still hadn't quite gotten the hang of his doggy walk, and he wasn't sure that he wished to. Though... it did make Papy so happy to see him crawl like that. He flushed at the memory of all the "extra special kisses" he got last time.

Finally feeling the pull directly below him, Sans sighed and began the process of digging straightdown. He wished he had thought to bring along a hand shovel; his phalanges didn't so much remove the dirt from the hole but sift it pointlessly.



His magic was doing most of the work and he felt his legs shooting themselves through the soil faster and faster. He screwed his eyesockets shut from the pain. He didn't mind the dirt, but the friction grated on his bones and really hurt. He channeled his magic into the bones, making the process a tad easier and less painful.

A few minutes later he felt the first hint of bone in his hand and opened his eyesockets in relief. Sans slumped to the ground, needing a rest. Gosh, Papy had buried his bones so deeply this time! He almost wondered if his brother had ever planned to give them back, but that would be ridiculous! Papy was a great brother and partner, and he would be insulting Papy's honor to think otherwise.

Sans continued to chastise himself as he dug, gently working his legs out of the ground. Now that they weren't trapped under the nearly crushing weight of the earth, he was able to breathe easier. It also helped to distract him from the panicked feeling of holding his own legs while they were not attached. Although it had gotten easier over time to handle the foreign sensation, it was still unnerving.

He inspected the limbs for damage. Turning them over in his hands, Sans gritted his teeth at the amount of dirt stuck to them. Getting messy was a normal part of this kind of relationship according to Papy. However, he wasn't looking forward to the amount of scrubbing it would take to make sure that all the soil came out of the tiny crevasses and nicks he had gained over the years. But until he got back home, he'd just have to deal with the gritty feeling.

Sans carefully set his legs down and let his magic do its work. After a moment of pins and needles came the instant relief. He wiggled his toes happily, stood up, and stumbled for a few steps before regaining his ability to walk. He was dismayed, though not surprised, that dirt had clung to the crevasses between his bones. It grated with every step, and he groaned as he strode onward, ignoring the irritation in favor of getting back to town. If his brother had discovered his absence, he would surely be worried by now.

As if he was summoned, a flash of orange lit up the area, and then Papy stomped out from behind a tree, looking angry.

"Blue, I thought I told you to stay put! What are you doing out here?"

"I'm sorry, Papy," Sans said guiltily, "I just wanted to-"

"I don't CARE what you wanted to do, Blue!" Papy shouted, eyelight flaring orange. "When you wear that collar, you are MINE, and I told you to STAY. PUT."

Sans' own anger was building. He did everything Papy asked, why couldn't his brother be more understanding?

"I had to retrieve my legs, which you left out in the middle of the forest!" he snapped. "If a human had arrived I would have been helpless to face them! And why," he hurried on, fury taking over, "do you insist on calling me Blue, even when we aren't at home doing our special kind of date? Papy, I think we need to have a talk about this."

Papy stilled, his jaw locked. Sans looked him in the eye and gulped, wondering if yelling at his brother had been a good idea. After a moment, Papy blinked, his expression returning to normal.

"And you were playing in the dirt again," he continued, as if he hadn't been interrupted. "What a naughty puppy! I guess my pup needs a bath... and a lesson."

Sans opened his mouth to argue again, but Papy softly placed a hand over his mouth, the other hand rubbing small circles on the back of his skull.

"Shhh, Blue, you know you can't speak. I know it has been a tough day but I believe you can do better. You're my precious little pup, after all."

It was like a spell had been cast over him. One moment Sans was tight with anger, and the next Blue was stumbling backwards, soul unwinding into that familiar, fuzzy headspace. With wide eyes, he dropped to his knees and looked meekly up at his partner.

Papy smiled, a gleam in his eye. "That's a good boy, Blue. I'll carry you back so you don't get any dirtier before your bath. I'll take good care of you, don't worry." Blue gulped as his brother leaned down and picked him up, tucking Blue's face against his shoulder. "Being good isn't going to get you out of your punishment though," Papy remarked as he turned and strode back towards town.

Blue's cheeks colored and he pressed his face harder into Papy's shoulder, hoping that the punishment wouldn't be anything too embarrassing. Last time his brother had put a leash onto his collar and had walked him to and from his post that day. He was thankful that no one had been around that early, but he wasn't so sure he would be that lucky a second time.

Papy chuckled and pat his back gently then let his hand drift down to rub Blue's legs. The familiar, comforting scrape of bone on bone had Blue slowly relaxing, tension leaving his body. By the time they reached their house he was feeling significantly less frustrated, though he still wanted to chat with Papy about these special dates. But... maybe it wouldn't harm anything to have it in the morning, once they had both rested and had clearer heads.

Papy carried him inside, heading straight for the bathroom. "Alright, pup, time to get you cleaned up."

He set him on the counter, hands reaching to undo the bandanna that was carefully tied around his neck, though leaving the collar in place. Blue went to protest, intending to remind his owner that his collar was leather and shouldn't get wet, but Papy's mouth became a hard line as he slid the bandanna up into Blue's mouth to gag him.

"Blue, puppies don't talk and I have already had to warn you once today. Just let your owner undress and wash you up like a good boy."

Blue whimpered beyond his gag, upset with being reprimanded. However, he sat quietly while

Papy took off the rest of his clothing so he could be a good boy. He couldn't resist the shudder that wracked his frame when Papy leaned down and kissed him over the gag, his phalanges running over his ribs.

"Good job, pup. Such a wonderful boy for me."

Blue tried not to blush at the words even as his soul squeezed in his chest, a silent panic gripping him. Sure, he and his brother kissed and cuddled plenty, but this felt different. Normally his brother would be smiling when they played like this, but he looked so serious now. A tear formed at the corner of his eyesocket before he hastily wiped it away while Papy busied himself with pouring a sweet-smelling liquid into the bath.



Papy just wanted to help him clean up after making him crawl through the forest, right? That was it, that was all it was, nothing else. His brother loved him and just wanted to help scrub the dirt off. Sans hardly even noticed that his breathing was quickening until Papy turned back to him.

Papy picked him up and shushed him gently. "It's okay. I got you, Blue. Don't worry."

Sans began to relax again upon hearing the soft tone in his brother's voice. He was overthinking everything today. Papy carefully set Blue down in the tub and hummed softly as he wiped Blue's bones down with a lathered cloth. As the washcloth brushed over his skull, he began to relax more and more. What was he worried about again? The scent of the soap Papy was rubbing into him was strong and his head was starting to swim pleasantly. Ah, his brother was so nice to bathe him when he was this tired. He really was a great partner. No, a great owner.

As his eyesockets drooped ever so slightly, he heard Papy laugh gently. He wanted to ask what was so funny, but he was just so pleasantly warm. A quick nap would be perfect. He allowed his eyes to shut and drifted away to sleep.



Sans felt unusually lethargic as his eyesockets struggled to open. He had always been a light sleeper and could be wide awake at a moment's notice, but this time it felt as though his body was working against him. Much to his dismay, his bandanna was still in his mouth, and now there was something wrapped around his wrists and femurs, pulling him in different directions like a starfish.

He blearily opened his eyes, his gaze falling upon the rope coiled around his limbs and interwoven between his ribs and pelvis, which shifted uncomfortably every time he took a breath. Tilting his head to the side, he saw his new food processor set up on the table next to his bed. How did it even get up here? Also, how did he get into his room? The last thing he remembered was Papy cleaning him in the bath.

Speaking of Papy, he could hear his brother walking up the stairs, humming the same tune as before as he entered the room.

"Ah, good, you're awake, bro! Now we can get started on your punishment." Papy laid something else on the table and walked over to where Sans was bound. "I hope you're ready!"

Sans glared back, his earlier anger returning in a flash. "What did you do to me? Why am I tied up?" he attempted to say, but it came out as garbled nonsense around the gag.

Papy tutted, grabbing Sans' jaw. "Pup, I didn't give you permission to talk."

Still holding onto Sans' jaw, Papy stared him deep in the eyes as his other hand reached down and grabbed Sans' left tibia, slowly pulling and twisting until his lower leg popped off into his brother's hand. It didn't hurt, but it certainly wasn't comfortable.

Sans screamed angrily, muffled by the gag. He was cut off with a hard slap to the cheek, his skull reverberating from the impact. Sans stopped at once, shocked.

Papy continued, "Really, I have been far too lax. But don't worry, little Blue, today we are going to take the first step towards the rest of your life. You'll be such a perfect puppy when I am done with you."

His brother leaned in closer, eyelights gone, leaving Sans feeling as if he was staring into a void.

"I am in charge here," Papy whispered. "I decide what happens. It is high time you learn that."

With that, Papy wrenched Sans' right leg off. Tears sprang to Sans' eyesockets as frustration and fear swirled inside his chest. For the second time today his legs were detached, leaving Sans panicking and thrown off balance from the sensation. Papy appeared to take no notice of his distress as he examined his legs under the light.

Every instinct in Sans' body was telling him this was no longer mere play. Something was wrong with Papy. He needed to escape. With his brother distracted, Sans tried to subtly activate his magic to free himself, call for help, do anything! But he quickly realized it was pointless when even the smallest bone construct failed to form in his palm. He quickly stopped when his brother glanced back over at him.

"So, little pup, I keep taking your legs because puppies don't need this extra bit of bone. Not when I can take care of you!" He beamed. "You won't need to leave the house again!"

Papy's eyes had begun swirling with dark orange magic, a manic gleam on his face as he gripped Sans' legs in his hands. The feeling of bone on bone usually reassured Sans, but this time he could feel nothing but abject terror as he lay there, too stunned to speak. His brother seemed to take his silence as acquiescence and happily flicked the food processor on before pushing his legs down onto spinning metal below.

Sans screamed as the metal began shredding his bones, starting with the top of his tibia. Through teary eyes he could see his feet still sticking up out of his beloved food processor. Papy held them steady as he bore down to slowly force more and more of his bones into the blades. Sans closed his eyes in revulsion, unable to stomach the sight of the tiny shards dripping with blue magic gathering at the bottom. Unconsciousness mercifully claimed him within seconds, the pain too great for him to bear, and he fell into darkness.



Sans groaned as he woke again, the gag in his mouth now soaked in saliva. A pins-and-needles feeling in his legs unlike any he had ever felt before made him grimace and open his eyesockets. He was greeted by the sight of the still-full food processor. Bone fragments, so finely ground they almost looked like dust, swirled together with his blue magic to create one large mass.

Blinking back tears, a sudden thought came to Sans. He was able to use his magic to pull his legs back to him and reattach them when they were whole, so maybe with some healing he could do that again!

With hope blooming in his soul, Sans attempted activating his magic once more, praying that enough of the drug was out of his system. He gritted his teeth as fragments slowly began moving en masse towards his lower body.

He squeezed his eyes shut as he felt the tiny bits of bone painfully attempt to arrange themselves in order, only risking a peek when it felt like all the shifting had finished. The result was... well it looked kind of like his legs, but Sans could tell that there was no way he would even be able to walk on them, even with all his magic training.

As Sans was contemplating what to do next, his brother opened the door, glass of milk in his hand. Sans' eyelights blew open but there was no way to hide the evidence of what he was attempting to do. The surprise broke his concentration and all the bone fragments fell onto the sheet beneath his body, pooling into a large pile.

Papy tsked at him as he walked over, setting the glass of milk down before carefully gathering up the sheet with the bone fragments. "I knew that you would want your bones back but I didn't think you would try it this way! Don't worry, I have a much better idea."

With that he tipped the sheet so that all the tiny bits of bone trickled down into the glass of milk, leaving a streak of blue magic behind. Papy then picked up the glass and reached behind Sans' head, the scrape of bone against his skull bringing him nothing but fear now. A moment later his head was free to move, then the gag loosened in his mouth, and he was able to spit it out.

"Papy, please--" His brother cut him off by bringing the glass of milk to his teeth.



"Aw, pup, as much as I would love to hear you beg right now, we need to take care of this first. Drink up!" Papy tipped the glass while holding onto Sans' jaw, forcing him to swallow down the entire glass of gritty fluid. Tears streaked down Sans' face as he began to feel the bone pieces dissolving in his system, and, with them, his chance of walking away from this.

"Shh, shh, shh, don't cry, little pup," Papy cooed as he set the glass down. "You are going to be so happy like this."

He gently rubbed Sans' femurs before releasing the ropes that bound his legs and arms. Sans gasped at the sweet relief it brought.

He hoped that the rope harness would be next but instead Papy brought out a muzzle, locking it around Sans' skull with practiced hands.

Sans raised a hand to his mouth before his brother caught it in a tight grip.

"You took your punishment well, Blue. Don't disobey me now."

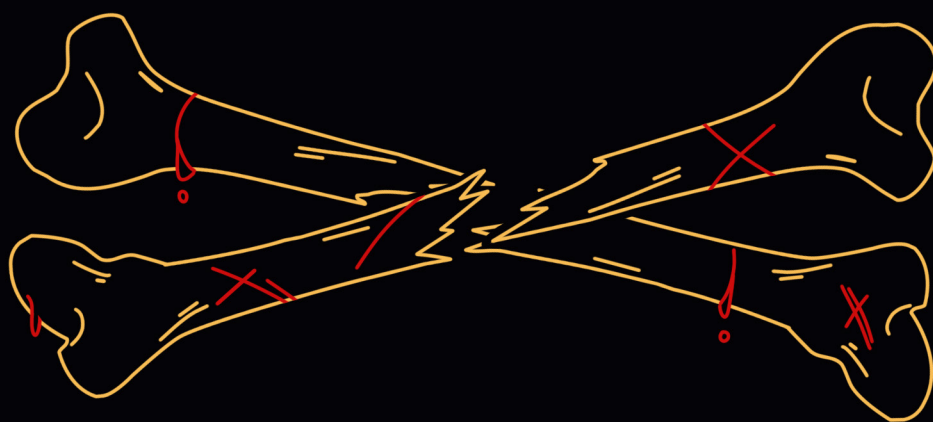
Sans nodded, holding his body as still as possible as Papy picked him up and carried him out to

their wooden shed. Inside was a thin dog bed on the concrete floor and a water bowl that had "Blue" inscribed on the side. Sans swallowed back a whimper, understanding his brother's plan. He didn't want to be left in the cold, damp room. And although Papy had taken the time to clean up the space, dirt still clung to the floors.

Papy deposited him on the bed and looked down. "This will be where you stay until you learn your place. If you are a good boy, I will let you come back inside."

Papy turned and left, indifferent to the pleading eyes Sans sent his way. Once the door slammed closed the shed was left in darkness. Sans wept, curling his body up tight against the cold air, his quiet sobs lost in the sound of the wind swirling outside the old wooden walls.







take my hand and never let go

Written by Askellie
Illustrated by Cognito
Beta Read by Likhain

Ships: *Fellcest (Underfell Fontcest)*

Characters: *Underfell Sans, Underfell Papyrus,
Underfell Alphys*

Content Warnings:

*Non-Consensual Experimentation and
Body Modification, Violence, Blood,
Implied Character Death (Papyrus),
Bodysharing (or Delusions Caused by Grief),
Consensual Fellcest*



Sans can hear Papyrus breathing in the next cell over, one harsh, ragged breath at a time. He strains his hearing for any hint of sound. Is that something dripping onto the floor? Is that the crack of a splintered bone? He doesn't know what happens each time the guards drag Papyrus out for another session. Papyrus won't tell him no matter how much he cajoles or pleads. Sans doesn't know if he should be grateful.

Instead of fretting he tries to make himself useful and spends his time compulsively examining the boundaries of his tiny prison for any weakness. He pokes at the lock on the door but it's some kind of sealed, latchless box without any seams or screws to pry at. He'd snap a finger and use the splinters as lockpicks in a soulbeat – anything to get to Papyrus – but there's not even a keyhole for him to attempt it.

Papyrus coughs – a wet, wracking sound – and Sans freezes. Waiting for the coughing fit to pass is its own kind of agony, but Sans endures. He has to. He must be too fragile for whatever torture they're putting his brother through because they've left him alone so far, but Papyrus shouldn't suffer alone.

It takes Papyrus a long minute to catch his breath, and when he speaks his voice is barely above a whisper. "Sans."

"I'm here, bro," he calls back, pressing himself to the wall. He imagines his brother on the other side, separated by only a foot or so of concrete and steel. He's already tried clawing through it in a fit of maddened ferocity, and only stopped when Papyrus ordered him to knock it the fuck off. There are still bloody smears on the wall from his attempt. His fingers sting and itch between the phalanges where the blood has dried.

"If..." Papyrus begins heavily, the word enunciated with absolute care, like he's having trouble with either his voice or his concentration. "...Just in case... There may not be another opportunity. I want to tell you–"

"Don't." Sans snaps it with more venom than he intends, fighting down panic, nausea. He doesn't want to hear his brother say it.

"Don't tell me stupid shit. Save it for when we're out of here."

"Sans–"

"Don't," he repeats more vehemently. His voice threatens to crack on the word. "We're getting out, and we're going to kill these assholes and throw their dust in the dump where they fucking belong!"

Papyrus laughs. It's strained, wheezy. The noise breaks Sans's heart more than if he'd scoffed at Sans's stupidity.

"Fine," Papyrus says, sounding a fraction more like his usual self. "Idiot."

There's so much affection layered into the word that Sans almost crumbles, but he can't. He *won't*. He won't give these bastards the satisfaction of breaking him when they haven't even touched him. He won't, even though knowing his brother in agony is far worse than anything Sans could suffer himself.

"We're getting out, Pap," he says, curling his cracked fingers against the wall. "I promise. And you know how I feel about promises."



Papyrus doesn't respond. There's nothing but his breathing, shallow and weak. Sans hopes he's sleeping, getting whatever rest he can to bolster his strength. In the meantime, he goes back to scrutinising every inch of his cell, looking for the smallest crack, any hint of imperfection, the smallest sliver of hope.

He doesn't find any.



Hours later, the guards return heralded by the clank of armour and sturdy march of footsteps. Sans shouts obscenities at them, bangs his fists on the cell bars, tries to divert their attention. They ignore him as they have every time before. He hears them opening Papyrus's cell. There's the heavy scrape of a body being dragged. Then their footsteps, receding.

Sans sits awake for hours, waiting, but Papyrus is never brought back.



When they finally, *finally* come for him, Sans is ready. There is only one thought in his skull, and that's to dust any asshole who comes within reach or die trying.

Unfortunately, the guards are just as prepared. The wall of green magic halts him mid-leap. The follow-up jolt of a stun baton leaves him writhing in absolute agony until another sharp strike to the skull renders him senseless.

When he wakes up, it's on an examination table, the metal cold under his bare scapulae. The absence of his clothes concerns him, but only in an abstract way. He's much more unsettled by the thick needle gouged through his arm, allowing a drip-feeder entry into his marrow. Beside him is Alphys, and the absolute fury he feels at the sight of her is a livid heat that sparks in his soul like it's trying to burst from his chest.

"You BITCH," he screeches. The metal cuffs bite into his bones as he tries to lunge for her. "You COWARD! TRAITOR! I TRUSTED YOU!"

Alphys turns to look at him mildly. Her eyes are empty, almost lifeless except for a faint curiosity. She jots something down on her clipboard, oblivious to his insults and screaming.

So he tries a different tactic. "Does Undyne know what you did? He was her lieutenant! Her FRIEND! Have you told her that you... that he's..."

As much as he wants to hurt her he can't say the words. They're not real yet. Not until he sees his brother's dust.

"It doesn't matter," Alphys says, her voice utterly flat. Her dead eyes squint down at Sans like she's peering down the lens of a microscope. "He was only a Guardsman. Replaceable. And she doesn't need any friends. Friends are weaknesses."

"Is that what *he* told you?" Sans hisses, writhing against his bonds. His wrists are already bleeding but he doesn't feel the pain. "That miserable bastard of a tyrant-"

"Don't," she says, her voice suddenly loud, firm. Her eyes burn with fervor. It sickens him. "Don't disrespect our King. He will free us, and when he does, he'll need the right weapons to take down the humans."

Sans laughs. "Is that what you're trying to do here? Sorry, sweetheart, but if you're trying to find a way to mass produce *judgement*, it don't work like that."

"I know," Alphys replies, falling back into her unnatural calm. "There will only ever be one Judge, and for now that Judge is you. Be glad you're too valuable a host for us to terminate you prematurely. It often takes years for another Judge to rise, so we can't afford to waste you."

"Whatever you're gonna try ain't happening," he tells her bluntly. He might be afraid if it weren't buried so far beneath his rage. "Dunno what you think you can gain by leaving me alive, but the only thing I'll ever give you is the dusting you deserve."

She turns away to adjust something on the IV bag attached to the tube in his arm. "Your attitude is undesirable for the outcome of this project. It will be addressed eventually once we take care of the rest of your shortcomings."

He opens his mouth to retort, prepared to unleash a new litany of blistering curses, but whatever she's given him acts quickly. His words slur into an incomprehensible mess as his body goes numb. The surface of the table drops out from under him. And then he's free-falling into oblivion, his consciousness sinking into a void of unrelenting darkness.



When he comes awake again it's like eons have passed. His bones feel like they've been encased in cement: unbearably heavy, each joint grinding as he starts to stir. He feels like utter shit, and he starts to wonder if this is how Papyrus felt every time they brought him back. He wants to call out and ask before his mind helpfully reminds him that Papyrus isn't there anymore. It's a very matter-of-fact thought, which tells him that whatever Alphys drugged him with hasn't worn off enough for reality to have properly sunk in again. It makes him wonder how much pain he'd actually be in if he weren't still half-drugged out of his mind.

His vision is blurry and mostly useless. The most he can discern is that he's probably back in his cell, if only because he's become painfully familiar with the grey of the walls. He's lying on his back, which is hell on his spine, so he tries to lever himself into a sitting position. The simple task feels absurdly difficult, mostly because his arms don't seem to have woken up along with the rest of him. They're dead weights. He doesn't have Undyne's rock-hard abdominals, so his method of sitting up mostly involves rolling around like a slug and then using the wall for leverage as he inches his way upwards using his face and chest.

His foot slips on the concrete floor, interrupting his clumsy attempt and knocking his shoulder against the wall. Pain scythes through him, hot and sharp. The ceiling rings with Sans's startled shout. It's so bad he feels nauseous, his empty stomach trying to turn itself inside out. It's not until he looks down at his arms for the first time that he realises that there's something very seriously wrong.

For an absurd, surreal moment, he thinks his humeri are swollen. They look longer and thicker than they should, the enlarged cap of the head forcing his collarbone and scapulae out of place.

It reminds him of Aaron and the magic-enhancers that augmented his already muscular physique – a pathetic tactic to deter a real FIGHT.

But those drugs wouldn't work the same way on Sans; bone doesn't expand like muscle tissue. His arms are larger, humeri extending further than they should, almost down to his waist. If he were able to stand, his fingers would hang down closer to his knees. His arms look ridiculously long for his compact frame, their length almost comical until his wavering eyelights finally catch on the details.

Steel screws have been drilled into his bones, fusing each joint with wires running from his phalanges all the way up to his shoulders. But it's not that, or the mottled spiderweb of cracks and bruises around each screw, that horrifies him.

It's the scars.

They'd be easy to overlook beneath more recent signs of abuse, but Sans recognises each one despite how rarely his brother ever removed his gloves. Each is a memory, a time when Sans wrapped his brother's bones in bandages while bitching about stupid carelessness, or – more rarely, kissed the marks that should never have touched an innocent babybones. He knows that jagged scar across the palm where Papyrus caught the blade of one of the maddened Dogi, and that distinct break in the radius from surviving Undyne's test to allow him into the Guard.

These aren't his arms.

They're his *brother's* arms, dismembered and restrung like the limbs of a puppet before being sewn onto his body.

Sans tries to shake them off with a violence verging on madness. They're not his, they belong to Papyrus, *where is Papyrus?*

The arms simply swing listlessly in place. They're not coming off. Not without a set of pliers or a drill to tear out the bolts. The arms are attached to *him*, not to his brother, which means Papyrus is... He must be...

The horrific reality of the situation sinks in – and all of a sudden Sans can't hold back the terrible sound that breaks from his throat: anger, and grief, and loss, and despair.

The screaming doesn't stop for a long time.



"Can you feel this?" Alphys asks. The silicone hammer taps insistently against Sans's knuckles, but all he can feel is the faint tremor through the connecting wires. There's no sensation from the bone itself, not that he would care to tell her if there was. He stares silently at the far wall, face fixed in a sneer.

"HP is up by 57 points, which means the graft was a success," Alphys mutters to herself. "No sign of reflex in the transplanted limbs... Have the nerve endings stopped functioning?"

The wire-strung bones are nothing more than dead weight to Sans, unfeeling and immobile. It's better this way. He can't think of them as his, just as temporary inconveniences that Alphys has welded onto his body. The constant, thrumming pain makes it difficult to ignore them, but he's giving the attempt all he's got.

"Experiment number twenty-three," Alphys dictates to the recording device poised over the chair Sans is strapped to. "Exploring the possibility that the sensory capabilities of the transplanted limbs were impaired during transfer. Low voltage stimulation should result in involuntary contraction unless the nerves have deteriorated since removal from the original host."

Sans doesn't care about the loss of his hands except for how desperately he'd love to wrap his fingers around Alphys's neck and strangle the life out of her for reducing his brother's precious life to being the donor of his new arms. He doesn't react as she readies a palm-sized device whose tip crackles with electricity and presses it against his radius.

He isn't expecting a reaction. He doesn't think Alphys is either – at least not the violent one she receives. The strap at his wrist was only a perfunctory, unnecessary precaution, but his arm spasms and snaps it easily. Sans yelps as electricity surges through the wires in his bone, searing the metal, but the flailing of his arm isn't just the mindless reflex of contracting muscle. With dazed fascination, he watches his hand–

(Papyrus's hand)

–flex and curl into a resolute fist before lashing out. Its sharpened knuckles cut through the air, narrowly missing Alphys as she staggers backwards. It thrashes through the air, lashing out with wild abandon at invisible threats before it curls back on itself like it's trying to find some plane of orientation. The hand makes contact with Sans's ribs in a blow that steals his breath and ricochets off his bones.

The fingers latch onto Sans's cervicals. They tighten their grip.

Sans's sockets go wide, his spine convulsing. He doesn't even try to resist. There's no more collar to protect his throat, but the phalanges locked around his neck are exhilaratingly familiar. He chokes weakly, spittle seeping from his mouth, but even then his generous buffer of artificial HP doesn't dip the slightest fraction of a point.

(Because there's no intent, and only the Boss could do something like that, choke Sans without killing him and make him love it. It sets fire to his magic, sparking a heat in his pelvis of immediate arousal as he bucks and arches into that magnificent, unrelenting pressure.)

"No!"

Distantly he hears Alphys wail, and a moment later her claws are pawing at his neck, trying to pry the strangling hand away. Her eyes are wild, not with fear for him, but fear for herself. Failure often comes with the penalty of dusting on Asgore's trident; all the more reason to give himself up to the sweet, crushing release of the hand at his throat.

(Papyrus would give him this mercy. Papyrus would want them to be together, in death as they were in life.)

But in the next moment, the hand transfers its attention from his neck to Alphys's. The phalanges' sharpened tips sink into her flesh with a gruesome squelch. Sans's first gasping breath breaks into hysterical, exhilarated laughter as he watches her eyes pop and bulge, her mouth twisting in an ugly grimace.

Unfortunately her lab technicians step in before any lasting damage is done, tearing Papyrus's hand from her throat and dragging her to safety while Sans cackles in savage delight.

For the first time, he can feel something beyond the agony of the screws and wires; the sticky heat of Alphys's blood on his fingertips.



After a freezing decontamination shower he's shoved back into his cell, left sprawled out on the floor. Sans doesn't try to move even though his body is wracked with shivers. The cold wouldn't kill him even if he were walking stark naked through a Snowdin blizzard.

The temperature isn't the problem; what he really can't stand is the silence from the adjoining cell. Usually this would be the time when Papyrus would start bitching about the cramps in his legs from inactivity, the greasy film on his bones from lack of showering, Sans's snoring keeping him awake for hours. Sans is drowning in the silence, trying not to think of Papyrus's last words, his desperate attempt to give Sans something better to hold onto.

(*Idiot*, he'd said, and Sans feels like one. He'd give another limb for Papyrus to tell him he loved him one last time.)

He's so busy wallowing in his own misery that he doesn't notice the movement of his arms at first. Ever since Alphys's little experiment, he's been getting back sensation in painful increments. Everything is still steeped in a dull ache, but now at least he can feel those fragile connections from his shoulders to his fingertips.

It's the tension in his hands that rouses him from his dull stupor. His carpals and metacarpals are stretched wide, like satellite dishes trying to capture every signal of feedback as they tentatively fumble their way up his body. They map him out, starting low on his femurs and working their way upwards, not with the senseless violence of their earlier outburst, but with care and curiosity. He's reminded of the cursory way Boss would pat him down at the end of a long day, reacquainting himself with Sans's body, reclaiming it from the outside world.

Sans doesn't flinch when the groping hands reach his neck, even though his cervicals are still tender

from the earlier abuse. He can feel the heat of the bruises, and the pressure on them feels unrepentantly good. He groans a little, baring his neck further in invitation.

(The world feels distant, surreal and soft. He might be half-awake or he might be dreaming. He might be groping perversely at his own throat in a sad and desperate attempt to reclaim the shadow of a good memory.

Or maybe it's not him guiding those familiar fingers with a care that only one monster has ever given him.)

Scarred knuckles scrape against his face in rough affection, and unthinkingly Sans licks at them. Faintly, between the bones where the shower didn't quite reach, he catches a hit of metallic bitterness; blood caught on the wires holding him together. It makes him groan, the chill driven from his bones as everything goes pleasantly warm.

His other hand is working its way back downward. There's an unfamiliar creak and click as it moves, a robotic sound he does his best to ignore as the touch alights on the crest of his ilium before sliding its way down to his pubic mound. It lingers there, like it's debating the merits of continuing: exactly the kind of bullshit Papyrus used to pull on him when he thought Sans was too strung out or worn down to take it. His hips twitch in wordless demand, bucking into that careful hold.

He doesn't care that there are probably cameras in the cell. He doesn't care how obscene, how utterly fucked up it is to be rutting against his brother's dismembered parts. He doesn't care whether he's imagining it or not. Boss's hands are on him again, driving him to a brutal edge with painstaking care. They know exactly what he likes. Exactly what to do to bring him off with a merciless efficiency that brings tears to Sans's eyes and drags a raw sob from his throat.

Sans gives in. He can't stop himself. He promises it's only a temporary reprieve before he starts to burn the world.





No Bones About It

Written by Sese

Illustrated by Docanjing and Ganzooky

Beta Read by Soul

Ships: None

Characters: Papyrus, Undyne, Alphys, Sans

Content Warnings: Amputation, Self-Mutilation /
Self-Harm, Accidents, Undertale Papyrus-Focused,
Dark Comedy





"You ready, punk?!" Undyne asks, thrusting a spear upwards.

Papyrus salutes happily, using his magic to float his cape. He's powerful, popular, and prestigious, and today is the day he's going to be the newest member of the Royal Guard. He can feel it in his bones. All he has to do is beat Undyne in a practice fight.

"Nyeh heh heh!"

Undyne immediately goes on the offensive. She advances, propelling her weapon forward. It's no match for Papyrus who gracefully dodges and summons a wave of bone attacks. Undyne charges again, stomping the bones as if they're weeds, and bellows. They settle into a familiar rhythm. Dodge, duck, dodge, duck, pose heroically, rinse, and repeat.

Jumping out of melee range, Undyne yells in frustration, "Stop dodging and face me head-on!"

Papyrus hears a *ping!*, and his boots lock in place as a spear falls into his hands. He can't move, and usually that would alarm him, but today is different. Imbued with a new fighting spirit, he grips the weapon and prepares for her bullets. Her pattern never changes, Papyrus is confident in this. His body sways reflexively as he recalls the order of her attacks. Forward, forward, forward.

"You think you're so cool, huh, Papyrus? Let's see if you can handle this!"

Another wave of bullets. Forward, forward, left, left, right, right. Papyrus blocks them easily, much to her ire. She doesn't wait for him to reorient himself but immediately starts her next wave. Papyrus grunts as the first bullet hits his leg, shaving off a sliver of his health, and he barely blocks the next one, relying on muscle memory since he's lost track of where he is in the pattern. Left, right, forward, behind.

Suddenly, his body lurches forward from momentum, and the spear disappears as he falls to one knee. Undyne has lifted her magic. She's hollering from somewhere behind, and the mud squelches as she runs towards him.

Papyrus doesn't have many options; she's too fast for him to counter with a bone, and he doesn't have time to prepare his special attack. Oh, blue magic! That could work! Papyrus rises to his feet and turns, extending his arm to turn Undyne's soul blue, when he realizes he's made a huge error. While he was thinking up a counter-attack, he forgot to pay attention to the fight! Undyne is no longer in front of him, but in the air, her spear aimed downwards.

Everything happens quickly. Too quickly. Undyne yelps as gravity yanks her blue soul, and suddenly he is on the ground. Stars swim in his vision as he stumbles to his feet, skull still ringing from the impact. His shoulder hurts for some reason, but he isn't sure why. Undyne didn't crash into him that hard, did she?

Underneath the thrumming of his skull, Papyrus hears Undyne yelling. He brings his hand to his head and massages his temples, but something's wrong. It hurts, it hurts; why does it hurt? He blinks. For some reason, his hand isn't where it's supposed to be. It's gone. In fact, his entire arm is gone, aside from the fractured remains of his humerus. Marrow leaks heavily from the wound. There's a lot, more than Papyrus has ever seen in his life. He sways, swinging his useless arm to steady himself, and while he's doing that, a strange sight catches his gaze.

White chunks of *something* lay scattered around him. Curious. He turns over one of the pieces with his good hand, trying to figure out what it is. As he brings it closer, he gasps. What he's holding is, in fact, one of his own phalanges. The realization hits him full force, bringing with it a fresh wave of pain.

Papyrus passes out.

“...And it just exploded into pieces! It was kind of awesome--”

“U-undyne!”

Papyrus awakens to familiar voices. His vision comes into focus, only to blur again as bright, fluorescent light blinds him. He groans, signaling Alphys to scurry over.

“Papyrus! Oh my gosh, th-thank goodness you’re okay!”

Papyrus doesn’t feel okay. He has a splitting headache and his jaw aches something terrible. Has he been clenching it? Sans will never let him hear the end of it if he’s fallen back into his babybones habits. Speaking of childish tendencies, he can’t believe he had fallen asleep, especially in Alphys’s lab.

Wait, something happened to him. Something bad. What was it...

“My arm!” Papyrus gasps. He struggles to lift his arm so he can see the damage, but to his dismay, it doesn’t budge. “What happened to my arm?!”

“P-papyrus, you’ll hurt yourself!” Alphys flails her arms, as if coaxing him to calm down. But how can he calm down after remembering the sight? The bone shards, the marrow! Gosh, there was so much marrow...

“Oi, punk, cut it out,” Undyne’s stern voice cuts across his thoughts, and he exhales as she shoves his head back down. “Listen to Alphys, okay?”

Papyrus nods mutely.

“Th-there was an accident during your, erm, fighting session? Er, Undyne’s spear c-completely shattered your right humerus. The damage was so bad I, erm, had to remove the rest of your arm.”

“I honestly didn’t know you could break like that Papyrus, I’m so sorry,” Undyne says.

Papyrus hears but doesn’t comprehend. “My... arm? You broke my arm?”

Undyne perks up slightly. “Completely decimated it, really. There were so many pieces--oof, I mean, sorry again,” Undyne rubs her arm where Alphys punched it.

Papyrus remembers what his humerus looked like, the haggard remains of the bone stained deep red with marrow. Yes, it makes sense that Alphys couldn’t salvage it; that would’ve been the worst 3d puzzle to finish in the history of the Underground. Still, his soul fills with dread. He’s lost a part of his body. How can he recover? Even if he adjusted to using one arm, how could he be in the Royal Guard?

“Oh, P-papyrus, don’t cry!” Alphys says, awkwardly scraping the top of his skull with her claws. “You haven’t heard the good news yet!”

She pulls a sheet up from Papyrus’s right, and through blurry eyelights he sees...

“What is this.”

“Ta-da!” Alphys spreads her arms wide. “It’s your new arm! Here, let me, uh, just get this...” She unlatches a strap, and Papyrus finds that he can finally move freely. “I had some, um, spare parts lying around from working on Mettaton, and I figured it would be a good f-fit for you...”

Alphys prattles on about the science of it and how she’s synched magic to metal, but Papyrus focuses instead on this new arm of his. Rather than the pearly white he’s accustomed to, a long, chrome cylinder greets him. At the end is a white glove, engineered to look exactly like the celebrity Mettaton’s hands. He wonders if he can raise his arm, so he tries. It moves more fluidly than his own, curving oddly at the middle to simulate joints, and when he stretches the fingers, they feel odd...

He feels sick; this isn’t him at all.

Nevertheless, he thanks Alphys for all her hard work; it’s not her fault. Still, he needs a moment

to despair in private, so although he agrees to stay and rest, the moment the other two leave, Papyrus quietly escapes by bursting through the nearest window. Then he stealthily trudges through Hotland and Waterfall, using his cape to cover the monstrosity that is his new arm.

When he opens the door to his home, he's not surprised to see Sans on the couch, reading a joke book. Or a Quantum Physics book. It's a toss-up at this point.

"hey bro," Sans calls, gaze immediately landing on the cape-covered arm.

Papyrus ignores the stare in favor of removing his boots, lining them up neatly near the door, then stalking to the kitchen for some milk. While he's looking through the cabinet for a glass, he hears Sans shuffle off the couch and follow him. Papyrus sighs heavily though is otherwise quiet as he pours his drink.

Just when the silence is right on the cusp of uncomfortable, Sans breaks it. "so."

"So."

"heard about your arm. alphys called."

"Ah."

Sans shifts in his slippers, tucks his hands into his hoodie. "so."

"So."

"how're ya holding up? must've been pretty traumatic."

Papyrus wills away the grotesque images that threaten to bubble up.

"I don't remember most of it; I passed out. At least I'm ambidextrous! I didn't have a favorite arm to lose."

Sans finally looks at Papyrus. "heh, guess you can say it was the *right* arm, huh?"

By all accounts, it's a bad joke. Papyrus knows it, Sans knows it, the clerk at the general store knows it. But Papyrus wouldn't be the straight man in this comedy duo if he didn't react properly to it, so he feigns anger and screeches.

What he doesn't expect, however, is the glass of milk to shatter in his metal hand.

Sans, in a surprising show of agility, jumps back a few feet, narrowly dodging the milk. "whoa, paps, the hell?"

"I-I don't know what happened!" Papyrus exclaims, staring down at his milk-covered hand. "I just... squeezed the glass, and suddenly *bam!*"

"what kinda arm did alphys give you?"

Papyrus shrugs, wondering the same thing himself.

The next hour is spent with Sans, but as soon as his brother falls asleep, he rushes to his room, finally alone to really consider the new attachment. He knows from watching MTT TV how strong Mettaton is and what his limbs are capable of. Is he that powerful now too?

Perhaps it's time for a demonstration. Standing in front of his sturdy mahogany desk, Papyrus lifts his hand, then swiftly brings it down. Metal meets wood in a startling display, flinging splinters and sexy robot action figures everywhere. When the debris clears, he finds his desk broken in two.

"I did this...?" Papyrus gapes in wonder at his hand, covered in splinters. "I did this!" Papyrus looks again at the desk and frowns at the mess. "Ugh, I did this."

But wowie, this prosthetic is amazing! He's still sad about losing his arm, but maybe it won't be that bad after all.



"Let's goooooooooo!" Undyne bellows, raising her spear, but then she pauses and gives Papyrus a questioning look. "Wait a second. You just had your accident yesterday. You good with this?"

Papyrus nods, practically dancing on his toes. It's the crack of dawn, but he's ready to show off what he can do.

Undyne shrugs, leaving her doorway and gesturing for Papyrus to take his spot. They both ready themselves, and then the sparring match begins.

The fight is nearly as bad as yesterday's. Papyrus is uncoordinated, unaccustomed to the extra weight on his right side. Even worse, until he tries to launch a Cool Attack, he doesn't

know that his new arm channels his magic ineffectively, leading to a lackluster row of bones without even a skateboard to liven it up.

But on the upside, he learns that his prosthetic, while being super strong, is also incredibly flexible. He, of course, discovers this when he accidentally hogties himself with the darned thing, effectively ending the fight.

Undyne, after getting over her laughing fit, walks over to help. "You know, this mechanical limb of yours is sick!"

"You think so?!"

"Yeah, totally. I wish my guys in the Guard could do stuff like this, but they don't have any imagination." She laughs,

patting Papyrus on the back. "Alright, good hustle today! You're free to go."

Papyrus bids Undyne farewell, then goes on his regular patrol. However, he can't stop thinking about what she said. Before the accident, Papyrus wasn't the typical image of a Royal Guard. Despite his enthusiasm and mastery of magic, what Undyne wanted was something of a different caliber. And it just... wasn't him. He's tried to persevere through the circumstances, but Undyne hasn't budged.

However, now he has an advantage over other aspiring Guards! His arm could be the break he needs to finally get accepted into Undyne's ranks!



But, what if he had more of an advantage with, say, more robotic limbs? If he could replace more of his fragile bones, maybe he could get good enough to beat Undyne. And if he could defeat Undyne, then she'd have to acknowledge Papyrus and finally let him into the Guard!

He decides to start his plan right away; what better time than the present, right? Obviously, if he hurt himself all at once it would be very fishy (as well as extremely painful!), but if he had several small 'accidents', then he would just look clumsy. And clumsiness is endearing!

Veering off his usual stomping grounds, Papyrus ventures deep into the forest, looking for anything he can use to stage an unfortunate accident. Eventually he's rewarded when he spots a wild rock, unaware of its future starring role in Papyrus's rise to glory.

"Perfect!"

The rock is about twice the size of his skull, and hefty to match, but it's easy to pick up with his mechanical arm. He gets into a kneeling position and sets his regular old bone hand in front of him. Lifting the rock skyward, he takes a deep breath.

"We can do this, Papyrus. For our dream!"

Then, he brings the rock down hard.

Unlike the last accident, Papyrus is fully aware of what's happening, and that's pain. Terrible, searing, unbearable pain. He can't bite back the scream that wrenches from him, and it's terribly loud. Somewhere in the back of his head, Papyrus hopes that nobody can hear him, but at the forefront of his thoughts is GREAT GOOGLY MOOGLY, THIS REALLY FREAKING HURTS!

Eventually, his shriek tapers off to a steady whine through tightly gritted teeth, and Papyrus finally lowers his gaze to see the damage.

Well, that was a bad idea.

It's as if someone's taken several eggs and smashed them where his hand used to be, except the yolk is a deep shade of red. His phalanges are broken beyond recognition, just shattered pieces of bone held together by thin lines of magic and marrow. His metacarpals aren't much better; in fact, the only one that's managed to make it through is the one on his pinky bone, but even that's bent at a terrible angle more perpendicular to his wrist than anything.

As Papyrus trembles, bordering on unconsciousness, he figures maybe he should head to Alphys's.



Looking fairly nauseated, Alphys puts the finishing touches on Papyrus's hand. It's not as sleek as his other prosthetic, and it has more visible joints where the fingers bend, but it's still pretty good.

"S-so, how did this happen again?" she asks, slumping down in her seat.

Papyrus thinks back to the forest. The pain of dragging himself all the way through Snowdin, slipping over his own marrow as he traversed Waterfall, and finally collapsing in a heap at Alphys's doorstep.

"Avalanche."



After the townsfolk start to whisper about the strange screams from the forest the other day, Papyrus decides to outsource the scene of his next 'mishap'. He goes to Hotland, where he probably won't run into anyone he knows (Alphys never leaves her lab), and he finds himself in the maze of conveyor belts. He's never liked this puzzle; it's fairly boring actually. Where's the finesse? The lights? The possible electrocution? It's an abomination in his eyes, but the one upside, he thinks as he edges his right foot near the conveyor belt, is that they're very prone to accidents.

“Oh m-m-my gosh, Papyrus, I’m so sorry!” Alphys apologizes for the umpteenth time after she puts the finishing touches on Papyrus’s new foot. “I let the m-maintenance for that puzzle linger for too long, and you g-got hurt again!”

Papyrus takes a moment to appreciate his new foot while Alphys frets. Well, it’s less of a foot and more of just a shoe, but the heel on this bad boy makes Papyrus feel... Significant. Important. Accomplished.

Tl;dr: It’s a very good look.

“Oh, don’t worry, Alphys, these things happen!”

“They seem to happen a lot to you, Papyrus,” Alphys says sadly.

Papyrus pats Alphys’s shoulder comfortingly. “Not to worry. I am the Great Papyrus and I can handle this the best I can! Which, of course, is the Ultimate Best Way to handle it, since I am The Best! Have a good day, and thank you again!”

Sometimes when planning out ways to lose limbs, a monster can forget what’s right under their metaphorical nose. In Papyrus’s case, however, it’s dangling over his head, and the only thing that’s stopping it from grinding through his leg is a singular rope.

‘It’, in this case, is a chainsaw, lovingly contributed by his Gauntlet of Deadly Terror. Yes, sometimes the simple solutions are best.

“Whoopsie daisy!” Papyrus says jokingly as he lets go of the rope, and this time he keeps his eyes open, eager to see the moment when his next prosthetic leg is guaranteed.

In his defense, he hadn’t planned on an Alphys visit today. He *had* been walking to Undyne’s, but the soul wants what the soul wants, and that’s to shed this mortal body of his and be a cool robot guard. So he’s wandering Waterfall, sidestepping puddles with his new, ugly (but still totally awesome) heeled prosthetic leg, walking under waterfalls, and fighting his way through thick, tall grass until he finds himself at the edge of a cliff. If he squints he can see the pile of trash at the bottom.

Hmm. While the conveyor belt had replaced his foot, a whole new leg would be even cooler!

This should be the moment where Papyrus stops to think about the consequences of his actions...

Nahhh. Robot limbs are so much cooler.

This time, Alphys doesn’t offer any comment. She just explains how to use his new appendage with a skeptical stare. Unfortunately, he hadn’t been able to properly aim his body as he had been careening down the side of a waterfall, so his left mechanical hand had paid the price. But that’s okay because even though she hadn’t had compatible forearm parts, she has instead fitted his arm with a strange tentacle-like prosthetic.

Alphys can be mildly suspicious all she wants – this is the coolest robot part yet!

Papyrus sits on his bed, facing the broken remains of his desk. His bed is disgusting, but he hasn’t really had time to focus on cleaning the last few weeks. He hasn’t had time to focus on anything really. Not work or MTT shows or even sparring with Undyne. He can’t, not until he’s perfect and ready to be the best Royal Guard the Underground’s ever seen.

Unfortunately, he has to replace his final pathetic skeleton limb first. His right leg is so ugly and mismatched from the rest of his body!

He stares at the destroyed battle figures, hoping that they'll give him some sort of inspiration, but no dice.

Suddenly, Papyrus bites back a wail as his right arm screams to life with pain. It's burning, searing, but when he looks at it, there's nothing wrong. He yanks the prosthetic from his shoulder joint, but the pain continues in the spaces where his arm doesn't exist, like glass embedding itself into the fine nooks and crannies of his marrow.

Desperate to take his mind off the impossible pain, Papyrus makes his way to the nearest wall and headbutts it. That only intensifies the pain somehow.

To make matters worse, Sans comes into the bedroom. "i heard a crash, are you o--whoa, what's going on?"

"I don't know! My arm hurts so much!"

Sans flits his eyes from Papyrus to the empty space where his arm would be. "we need to go see alphys, right now."

Heeding the grave tone in Sans's voice, Papyrus grabs his arm and the two of them rush to Hotland. He nearly rams down Alphys's door, and when she answers he screams instead of saying hello, which speaks a lot to his mental state right now because he is a *polite* skeleton above everything else.

After Alphys finally gets him to sit down and explain what happened, she sighs and nods. "Phantom limb syndrome. I'm not surprised it's, uh, happening to you, considering all your... accidents," she says with a pointed look.

Sans looks from Papyrus to Alphys in confusion. "...what."

Alphys gets up, motioning for Sans, and the two of them go to her... bathroom, of all places, leaving Papyrus to his own devices. The small part of him that's still sane questions what he's done so far. He promptly ignores it, and after one more cursory look to the bathroom door for any movement, Papyrus leaps out of his chair and runs over to Alphys's messy work area.

It's not long before he finds a conveniently-placed vat of a sinister-looking goo. It's about the size of a large tub and smells terrible. Wowie, he has no idea why this is here but it sure is lucky for him! He lifts his leg over the edge of the basin to test the angle and gets a good look at the bubbly depths. Maybe it's some sort of corrosive acid? Papyrus doesn't think about it too much; he doesn't have much time.

Right as he goes to lower his leg inside, Sans and Alphys choose that moment to exit the bathroom. Upon seeing him, Sans yells, "what are you doing?!"

Well, so much for making it seem like an accident.

"I can explain!"

"what explanation could you possibly have?!"

"Can't you see?" Papyrus says, motioning to his skeletal leg. "My old body was brittle, fragile. But now, with my new limbs, I can be the Royal Guard the Underground needs! I can become the pride of Snowdin and protect you from humans!"

"are you kidding me?! that's the stupidest thing i've ever heard!"

"It's too late, I have already made up my mind! Goodbye leg, hello Royal Guard--whoa!"



In his haste to lean over, Papyrus miscalculates, and instead of dipping his leg, he slips fully into the basin. It hurts like the dickens, to say the least, and he screams as he feels the goo seep into the bone, burning holes into him where it touches.

As he sinks lower into the vat, Papyrus loses consciousness.



When Papyrus awakes again, he doesn't feel the corrosive acid licking his bones or the terrible pain or anything at all.

From his vantage point, he can see Sans and Alphys talking to each other, and he calls out to them. **"Sans! Alphys!"**

Strange, his voice has never sounded like that before.

Both Sans and Alphys respond and turn to him. Alphys has tears in her eyes that she dabs at, and Sans just looks pissed.

"well, you did it, papyrus," Sans says flatly.

Joy fills Papyrus at Sans's words. **"Really?! What does my new leg look like? Is it cool? Do you think people will like it? Oh, I have to go see Undyne so she'll let me into the Guard!"**

He makes to stand up, but nothing happens. His arms won't respond, and when he tries to look down at his body, his vision is limited like he's wearing blinders.

"What's going on?"

Alphys, who's been staring down at her claws for most of the conversation, finally looks at him. Her lower lip trembles, but she takes a big breath to calm her nerves.

"Well, the acid c-caused, er, a lot of, um, damage to your body. In normal cases your soul wouldn't have made it through... b-but we made a hard decision."

She steps to the side, and Papyrus sees a mirror reflecting her, Sans, and... a box?

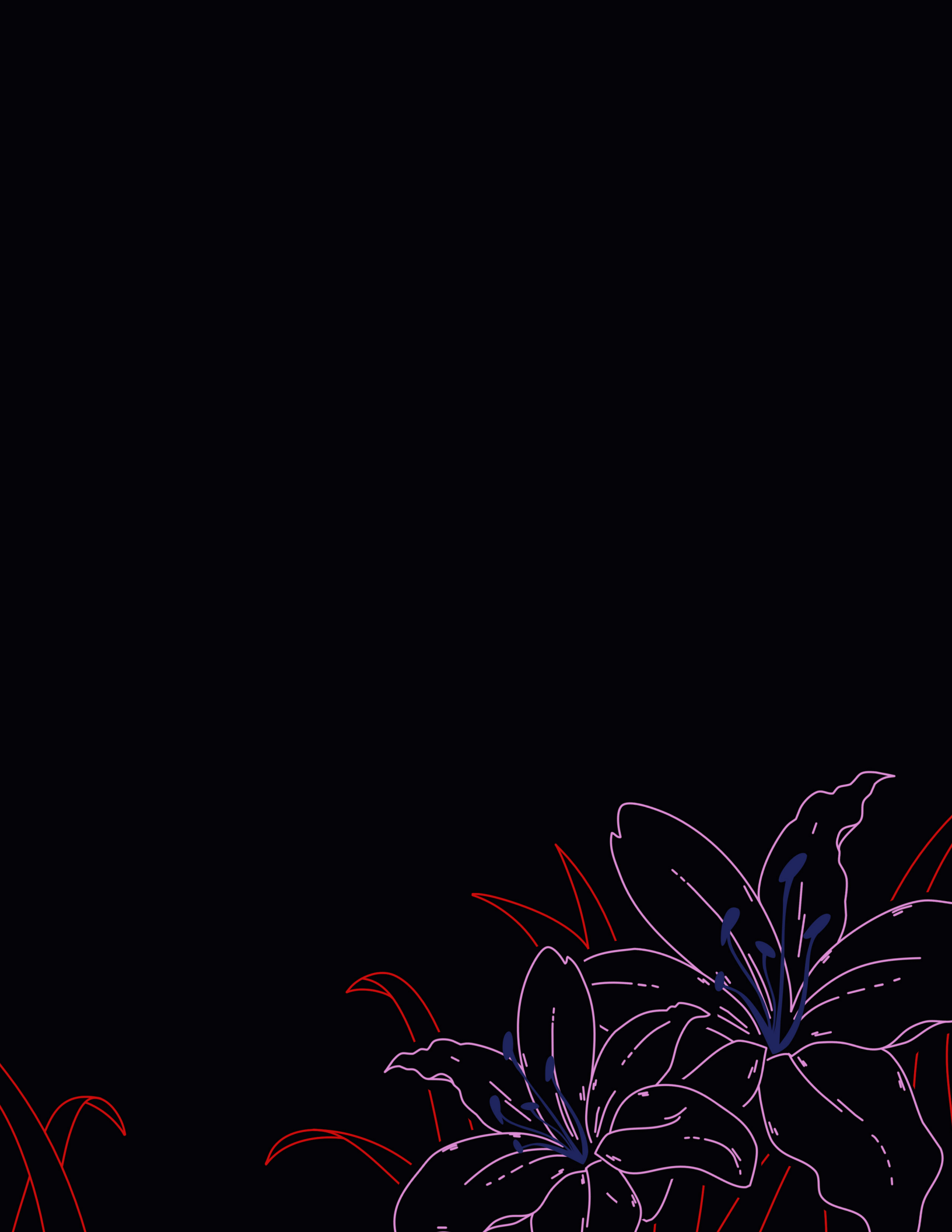
"I... I don't understand. What is that?"

"That's, uh, you. You're a box, Papyrus."

"What?!" Papyrus looks at the box. It's sleek dark metal on the outside, with a large, clear lens in the shape of a soul on the front. This... this is... him?

Wow, he really is going to be the Royal Guard's best-looking recruit now!





Anemone of Mine

Written by Skerb

Illustrated by ArchonGhoul

Beta Read by Nilchance and Ashtherat

Ships: *Kustard (Sanscest)*

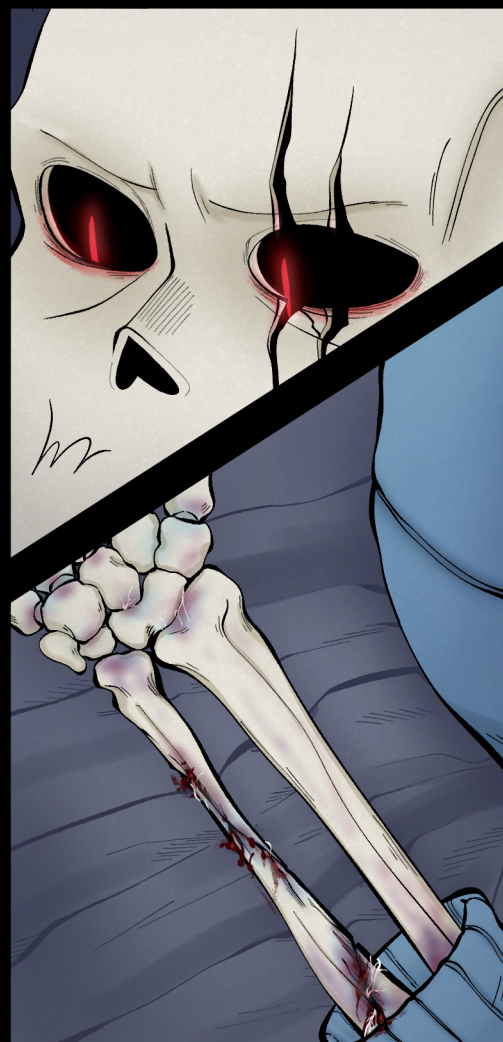
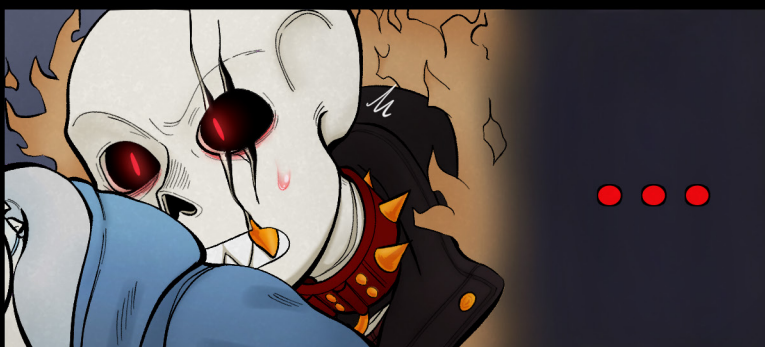
Characters: *Undertale Sans, Underfell Sans*

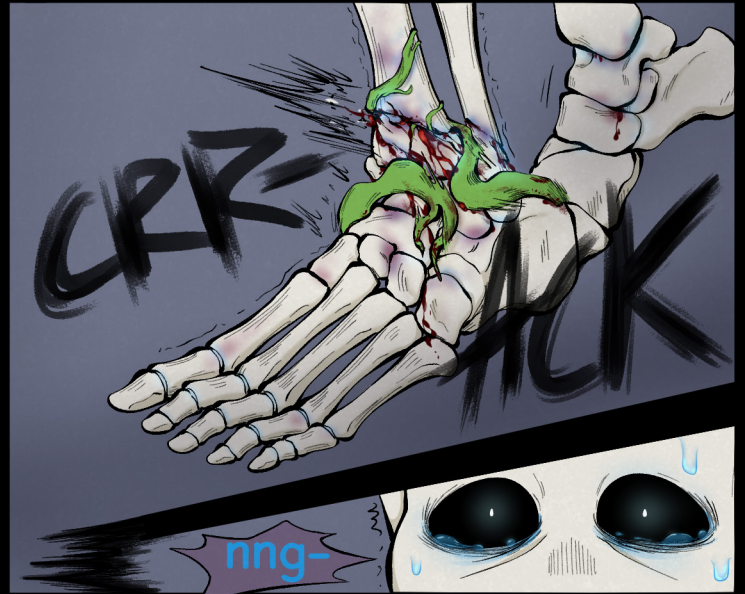
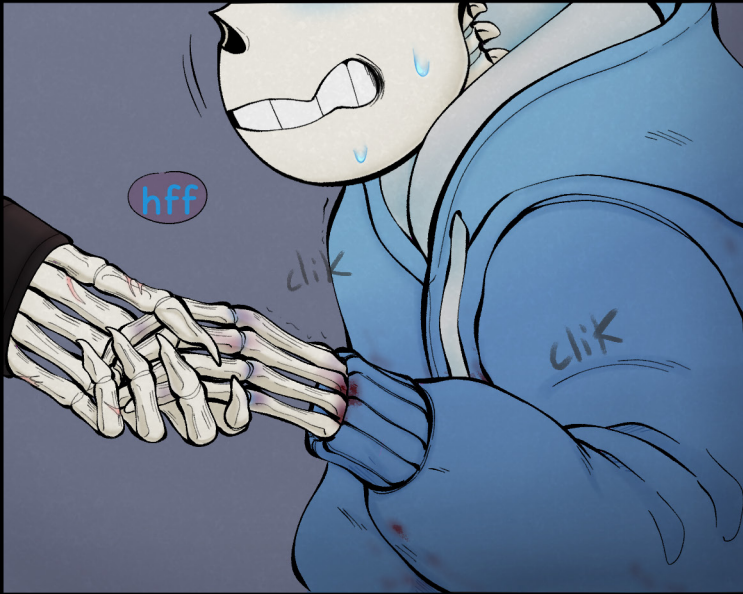
Content Warnings: *Body Infestation / Parasitism,
Body Horror, Gore, Blood, Broken Bones,
Living Host, Unclear / Probable Character Death*



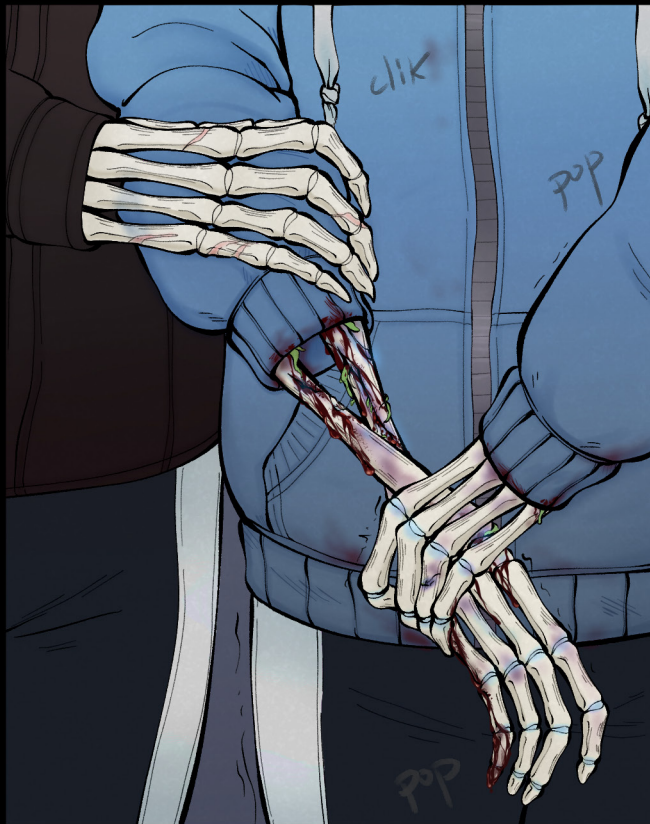


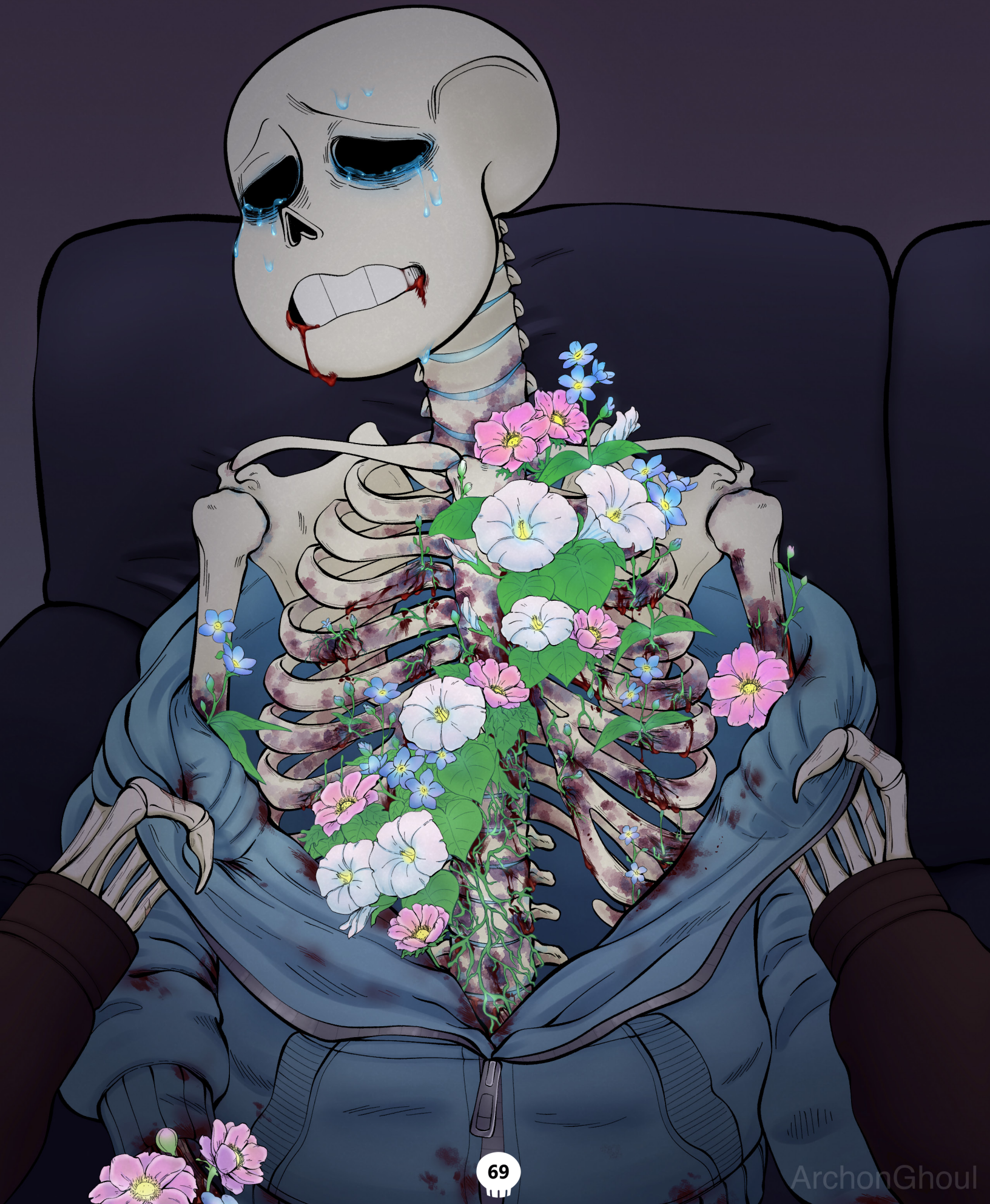
ArchonGhoul





ArchonGhoul







A smear of purple and gold scores across the sky. It reminds Sans of pastel washes, or of an oil painting gone out of control. No matter how many times he sees it, he'll never tire of it. It lightens a burden in his weary soul and really makes him appreciate all that's happened.

He takes a drag from his cigarette, soaking in the last of the evening's warmth as the sun sets. It gets a little chillier as the year progresses, something he'd now experienced first-hand instead of only having read it in books.

When he hears Red approach, Sans covers his arm with his sleeve to hide the blush of colour from view and snuffs out his cigarette into the ashtray before Red gets too close. It's new, something that's been creeping into his life over the past few days, and it stands out on his forearms like a bruise.

Nothing had heralded it. It was just more pronounced and localised than his usual aches and fatigue. It's a flush of marrow that bleeds towards the bone's surface, just barely visible under pristine white. That's what he tells himself, anyway. He's good at making excuses.

It's nothing to worry about. There's no sense in making Red worried about it either.

He decides to ignore it. He's had weird bruising before. It'll heal on its own. So what, maybe Red was a little grabbier than usual and he'd earned himself some marks as a result. He can't really recall anything too strenuous or out of the ordinary. In short, he bruises with a high five.

As it stands, Red is none the wiser; he would've said something by now, if so. He simply inserts himself into Sans' personal space and sits next to him on their back porch to watch the sunset with him and bum a smoke or two. Sans doesn't mind. The smell is always better coming from him anyway.

Recently, he had found a small filament poking up from between where his ulna meets with his wrist.

Thinking that it had simply been one of the dog's hairs, Sans plucked it free. It twinged as though he wasn't supposed to do that, or like it was a sore or an insect bite that was nagging the spot.

Sans covers his right wrist at the reminder. He rubs at it, the tiny barb agitated by his thumb. It probably hurts more than it should, but he's used to his body being bullshit. It'll take a while to heal but it's nothing to fret over.

Red's a heavy weight next to him. Bolstered by feelings in his soul too fragile and private to prod at, Sans leans against him. Red lets the silence drag on, like the aired out notes of someone's radio in the far distance or of a train passing by. He drapes his arm around Sans' shoulders and pulls him close, like it'll help him savour the cigarette just as much.

"You still feel like shit?" Red finally asks, watching the horizon as he takes another deep inhale from his cigarette. Sans just leans against him, soaking up Red's warmth. His shoulder aches where Red thumbs it through his hoodie.

"Always do," he manages to quip. When he catches Red's look, his grin softens imperceptibly. "No more than usual," he lies perfectly.

Red's body jerks with the hoarse laugh, like it's the funniest joke Sans has told him yet. He exhales long and hard, curls of smoke wafting up into the night breeze. Sans can smell it leaking from Red's rib cage.

"You're right. All this fresh air ain't doin' either of us any good," Red jokes soberly. His hold over Sans' shoulders tightens protectively. It's likely that Red can see through his bullshit but he'll wait it out rather than keep digging for answers. Which is fine, since Sans isn't really in a sharing mood.

He's sore, though. The squeeze prickles down his shoulder blades, rippling under his bones like blunt needles. Sans somehow manages to stave off the sharp inhale, caught in his chest like a

butterfly he means to keep hostage. Sans isn't sure, but somehow he thinks it's bruised more than he had thought.

The only difference is that his magic doesn't normally colour his bones with rusty golds and fuchsias. He's willing to blame it on the sunset. There are too many colours washed up together on the surface. It's doing weird things to his complexion.

Ultimately, Red decides that the weather is going to turn for the worse and helps Sans up. While normally Sans would say that he can manage just fine, thank you very much, he feels lightheaded and exhausted now. Maybe Red knows what he's talking about with the weather. It'll do dumb things to Sans' head if he isn't careful.

Red knows he feels like shit. That's probably why he can't keep his hands to himself, guiding the small of Sans' back as he's shepherded into the house. Past experience tells Sans that Red wants him on the couch where he can keep watch over him, curled up together while they watch shitty infomercials and laugh at the demos. Right now, Sans doesn't want to chance it. He'd rather just go upstairs to his room and lie down.

Red doesn't fight him, which Sans thinks is good but he has to endure an assessing look, protection and concern wrapped up in one glare. In the end, it's probably not a good thing that Red lets it slide.

Sans goes to bed, drained. The entire universe weighs down on him. It's like it's in his bones, shuffling up to the surface to push against everything that he's made of. It takes longer for him to drift off, unable to get comfortable. Under the surface of bone, his arms itch where the mottled bruises glow with magic. Mercifully, sleep eventually claims him.



He wakes to more pain than he's been in for a long time. Something scratches, pulls and presses from what little space is locked away, deep under stiff joints and marbled bone. Sans doesn't move, but it's like the fingers of waking consciousness

touch upon whatever he's going through and it's almost unbearable.

He stutters out a sigh. That usually works. This time, it barely gets the job done.

Red's beside him, curled up against his back like a boulder. He's a threat of motion if Sans makes too much noise as much as he is a stable weight behind him. Sans isn't sure whether or not he can move, but he doesn't want to chance more aches.

He's a little dizzy. He didn't get much sleep, plagued by intrusive thoughts that something is probably very wrong with him. He doesn't need the breaking dawn leaking through the slatted windows to see a faint glow of cyan and gold peek out from his forearm from where the sleeve rode up. From its apex, a small hairline crack highlights the deformity. It webs out from a single point - a tiny white fibre caught where Sans knows it wasn't before.

Whatever it is doesn't appear to be getting better, but worse.

Sans swallows a hurt noise, a radiating pain that tries to rip it from his throat when Red shifts behind him. Sans would push up towards him if it were any other time, but he's having difficulty today. He just wants to crawl into a closet and inspect his wrist, and maybe swallow what little pride he has left to ask Red about it. Hopefully, it's just a tender bit of bruising.

With... odd little filaments to accompany it.

Sans' throat lobs with a spike of mild panic. He's going to psych himself out at this rate. It's better that he pretends it's all fine, and he and Red can laugh it off later. Never mind that his bones feel like they're going to burst from the inside.

The pain blossoms when Red reaches over him, and a sharp grunt shakes out of him. Sans curls inward to fight the sudden flare of pins and needles, like he'd just been crushed. It makes Red freeze. Sans can feel it when the tension slowly eases from Red's body, and he braces himself for the stern enquiry.

"Hey-"

"Ok," Sans relents. It takes him a moment longer to recover from what just happened. "Maybe I don't feel too great."

The wrist is out in the open and on display. There's no doubt that Red sees it. Sans can practically feel him tense. Without a word of warning, Red quickly sits up, slapping the mattress in front of him when Sans sends a startled look over his shoulder.

"Get up."

It's no request. It means that despite having woken up moments before, Red has zero tolerance for any of Sans' usual nonchalant bullshit. It saves Sans the trouble of trying to pretend, at least. He's used to his body sending him bad signals, but this is different.

He gets up. It's an ordeal; hot staticky prickles lance up his legs from his joints protesting under the pressure. When he breathes, it hurts. Inhaling is too much for Sans to bear. Red stays unnaturally silent, his head cocked. It's as though he's trying to place the noise that's coming from Sans' rib cage.

Sans isn't sure how to place it either. It's the sound of something under strain, a small, crisp little crackle when his ribs move.

Red's eyes then fall to Sans' right arm to where the sleeve has ridden up. Gingerly, he reaches over, pausing when his touch causes Sans to grimace. Obviously, he attempts to hide it, but there's very little that either of them can conceal from each other.

"What the fuck did you do?" Brilliant. How nice of Red to think that Sans did this on purpose. He doesn't let Sans respond anyway, and the grabby bastard takes his hand. The hairline cracks in Sans' ulna are more pronounced. Red looks, in short, taken aback.

Sans expects Red to say something, though he doesn't end up breathing a word. Sans already knows the lecture by heart. He was careless. Why hide when they're together now? He can trust Red just as much as Red trusts him. If he's hurt, all he has to do is say something. He's not *alone* anymore, damn it.

The heavy guilt isn't enough to keep Sans from sobbing out when the sharp sting of healing magic starts to bind to his bones. Red's magic is take it or leave it, and Sans feels like he's drowning and dying of thirst at the same time. It pinches up his arm, hot and leaden under Red's hand. The cracks in his body lighten with his magic like glowing wires, mingling with the healing pulse that Red feeds into him.

It's too much. Somehow, fixing the bone is making it itch, rendering it tender and sore. It *burns*. Sans has the overwhelming urge to push Red away and scratch open the wound for even one moment of relief. It gets worse, and he actually makes a wretched noise. He had wanted to bite it back, to save his tears for when he was alone.

Sans doesn't expect Red to look at him with such concern. He's too distracted by the pain. He holds his wrist, gingerly applying pressure to soothe the horrible ache. It cracks under his fingers, causing the bone to splinter and chip. Once a source of comfort and warmth, the healing magic seems to be making things *worse*.

He's not this fragile, but he doesn't know what to do. Red's staring at him, at a loss. Blood leaks from under Sans' fingers, his arms trembling uncontrollably.

"Fuck," Sans grunts, panic rising despite how much he tries to remain calm. There's a sensation of something inside, wrapped around one of his intercostal ribs. He's not sure if he wants to confirm what it is. Whatever is inside of him wants *out* and it's going to break him apart at this rate.

"Ok," Red carefully manages, like speaking too loudly will make Sans crack further. He's gentle when he reaches out this time, less demanding and more coaxing. Sans shrinks from his touch. "It's ok, sweetheart. I don't wanna hurt you. Lemme check, yeah?"

After leveling Red with an even, assessing stare withered by the presence of unwanted tears, Sans extends his injured arm for Red to inspect. His magic is sloppy, his HP too low to heal even with Red's help. He wasn't built to last. Something that causes this amount of damage to Sans would kill him under normal circumstances. But intent has everything to do with it, doesn't it? Whatever is disrupting and prying apart his body has taken root inside of him, out of reach where he can't see. Red gingerly holds Sans' arm like he's the most delicate of glass sculptures, carefully twisting it to test the movement.

Despite his efforts, Sans hisses out, trying to quash the grimace before it happens. It's too late. Red watches his face as he lays his hand over the bloody crack that bisects Sans' arm, running all the way up to where it joins with his elbow.

"Don't," Sans tries before Red gets the idea to heal him again. "It hurts."

Sans can tell that Red's all too aware of how brutally honest that is. The fact that Sans is scared enough to mention being in pain means that it's bad enough for him to freak out about it. Still, he's stubborn enough to try to downplay it in order to keep Red from worrying. Red nods as though to show that he understands, then carefully turns Sans' arm over to inspect the other side.

The cracks are deeper, scored thick as Sans' magic glows out from a single nexus. Something is stuck behind it, hidden by the serious fracture. Red squints as though to appraise it without getting too close. It's a blushing pink and coiled up like a bud, its point formed into a spade. It spears up through the surface of Sans' bone, and any attempts to mend it without extracting it is going to end up excruciating.

The blood conceals the extent of the damage. Red could ultimately do what he wants and heal it up, but there's the issue of something within Sans' body weakening him. It's enough to exhaust him and make his bones brittle and chip like old china.

Red's been staring at him for a while now. They can both hear it: the subtle sounds of a crack spreading, or the soft clitter of brittle bones creaking. Sans is all too aware of it, the seconds ticking down to the next spore of pain.

They're on borrowed time.

He needs to see a proper healer; Sans has no doubt about it.

It happens as Red attempts to get him out of bed. His body is against him, his ankle twisting in its socket. Something ties it up, saving the broken bone from splintering, but Sans doesn't want to look down to have his suspicions confirmed. He's trembling, trying not to move or chance how much time he has left until Red's gentle urgings force him to shake apart.

Blood plips down his arms, falling from the cracks where his magic binds him. It's barely warm, cooled by the autumn air. His rib cage suddenly feels too heavy, too open.



Red sits him in the living room where there's enough light to inspect him again after a few hours of trying to rest. The healer hasn't arrived yet. It's probably taking everything in Red's power to stay the fuck put. Sans can barely read his face, but he knows Red is terrified. *He's* terrified. Every time Red touches him, Sans chokes back a noise of complaint and fear for the unknown.

He can't breathe. Sans is being choked, crushed and twisted together, torn apart. He's barely able to keep upright on the couch as Red leans forward and unzips his hoodie. He just wants to rest so he can stop being in so much pain.

Then something snaps, a wet sound of bone cracking, strained beyond what Sans can handle. His cry isn't muffled this time.

Red's eye lights shrink to pinpricks at what he sees: a rush of rooted fibres intertwined around Sans' ribs to make it a bloody vineyard. There are sprigs of leaves that furl out from the exposed bone, hot magic pulsing in desperation to keep Sans together.

Sans' voice hitches.

"You're alright, Sansy," Red says, half-swallowing the fear in his voice. Sans is coming apart as he's helplessly made to watch, and Sans' tight little gasps are going to be the last thing he hears.

"C'mon. I'm gonna try to-"

"Don't touch," Sans shakily whispers out against any offer to help. It almost hurts too much to talk, strangled by the roots that start to bloom into smaller buds like some sick and twisted bouquet. His eyes water. He's unable to form a cohesive sentence when Red lays a hand atop of his forehead. The term 'pushing up daisies' is a lot more sinister now, he brokenly observes.

When Sans swears, his voice is hoarse. Something's crushing the flow of his magic, interrupting him at the seams. He twists his head to the side, a shockwave that pulses bright agony throughout his shoulder blades as punishment for daring to move. Sans resists the urge to gasp and cry when he attempts to hold back his sobs.

Blood seeps out mercilessly. It trickles from between unmeshed bone as delicate buds tip their way out of the open wounds, making a gruesome garden from his marrow. The pressure is unyielding, the flowers uncaring as Red stares on in horror.

Chipped fragments of bone leave raw marrow in view, magic fizzling where the vegetation occupies it. Sans' arms only remain attached at the joints

thanks to the intricate tangle of roots and tiny vines, imitating veins. He's barely responsive as it takes its toll on his body, using him as a source of nourishment.

Sans thinks he feels his soul kick into overdrive as though to control what's happening to his body, but everything itches and bites so much that his mind starts to block it out. The brighter his soul burns, the tighter his chest feels. The thing that's taken over him grows *faster*, strengthened by Red's healing magic and touched by sunlight.

It slowly creeps inside of him, pushing through him and making use of his marrow as spongy wet soil. The process is slow, stretching Sans' resistance thin, testing the limits to what he can handle. He stutters like he's robbed of air as precise, miniature viny spirals lattice up and around his ribs to strengthen their anchors.

He thinks he sees the overgrowth just outside of his vision, tucked up in his eye sockets and barely out of view. It would look beautiful beyond it all, had he the wherewithal to appreciate it, like he was an ant looking up to the clouds of white and pink petals canopied overhead. As it stands, Sans' body fights pitifully as the vines and flowers thrive, poisoning and blotting out the mental image as his bones continue to chip like dry eggshells.



Red tries one more time. Sans appears barely conscious. A reedy, agonised plea rushes out somewhere distant between them when Red touches the twisted remains of his chest. He's got to check if Sans' soul is ok.

He's nearly strangled by horror himself, but Red attempts to manoeuvre some of the vegetation from around Sans' shattered rib cage. Peeks of flushed petals unfurl in groups of five, delicate and thin, betraying how weak they appear. The blood smeared at the apex of their crowns only adds to the macabre of Red's horror.

It's tangled, twisted and unrestrained, but Sans' soul is there at the root of his chest cavity, a weak beacon to his struggling life force. Red makes a noise in his throat, trying to pinch the roots away from it with his fingers, to keep it from choking out the one person he cares about.

Red's hands shake as he struggles with Sans' whimpering, all suffering and distress. As the noises die down, Sans' eye lights start to gutter out like dying stars, clouded by small petals as they crowd his vision from within.

(You did this. You could've fucking helped him if you were more observant, but no. He didn't trust you enough to bring it up, so this is your failure. How long has this been happening? Days? Weeks? And you didn't notice a fucking thing. You fucked up and now he's dying!)

Tears burn at Red's eyes as he struggles with Sans' body. He notices how fragile the roots really are, tinged with the colour of his healing magic. Although they remain a blushing pink, white, red and innocent, when he pinches the sprouts they bleed Sans' magic.

Sans' soft huffs have whittled away. Small cracks spread up his vertebrae and under his jaw, underlining Red's failure. Helplessly, Red chokes out a rough noise, somewhere between a broken cry and righteous anger. He's frustrated, angry and inconsolable, terrified and lost.

The vines and stems of the flowers just continue to slowly wind where they can reach, even trying to vie for Red's scarred fingers. Orange centres bump against his knuckles, upturning the flower's face to his breath as though it yearns for the warmth of another host. The sprouts' ends curl into elegant coils where they can't grasp like tendrils on a grapevine, pushing out tiny, weak little blossoms wherever they can fit.

They slowly decorate Sans' body as Red is made to watch in horror. All Red can do is stare at Sans with creeping dread when he finds a sprig of

something thin and white trapped within his own wrist amongst the carpals.

How long had it been there? Was it because he forever inserted himself into Sans' personal space? Or was it when he continuously curled up next to him and pushed their bodies close, just because he liked the way they fit together?

Despite the way Red tries to push at his rising panic, tightness crawls into his chest as he glowers down at the filament with burning eye lights.

It stings like a bitch when he rips it out.





Dead Zone

Written by Lycovore
Illustrated by Ganzooky

Ships: None

Characters: *Underswap Sans, Underswap Papyrus,
Underswap Dog Characters, Underswap Temmie*

Content Warnings: *Hard Vore, Blood,
Dismemberment, Character Death*



Papyrus wasn't sure why his (honestly, ever-present) desire to see his brother had outweighed his normally even more urgent desire to lie on the couch and do nothing. But when he saw the whole dog pack surrounding Sans, he was glad he'd come. That was an odd feeling; there was no reason he should be alarmed by the dogs talking to Sans. They were his friends. He knew all their bone-gnawing talk was just jokes, and they were gregarious, so there was nothing suspicious about them surrounding his brother.

He couldn't quite make out what the dogs were saying, but Sans's voice rang out clear and innocent. "Sure! Just show me the way!"

A couple of the dogs turned to look as Papyrus approached, wagging their tails in recognition. Sans followed their gaze, eyelights brightening as they landed on his brother.

"Papy! What are you doing out here?"

"Can't a guy get some fresh air a couple of times a month?" Papyrus deflected. He could have said he was on his way to his sentry post, but Sans knew his schedule as well as the fact that he rarely adhered to it. And so did the dogs, probably, but it wasn't as if they were deliberately ambushing Sans when they knew he wouldn't be around. Sans would be happy to play with them any time.

"Of course!" Sans ran to meet his brother, the dogs parting to let him through. "You can come, too. Right, guys?"

The dogs looked at each other for a brief moment. "Sure," Doggo agreed, and the others wagged their tails harder in agreement. Greater Dog's tongue lolled out, dripping, as he smiled welcomingly.

"Where are we going?" Papyrus asked, hands in his pockets, shuffling casually after Sans into the middle of the dog pack.

"It's a surprise, apparently!" said Sans, then turned

to Doggo. "It's not someone who needs my help, is it? Should we be hurrying?" The dogs didn't seem to have any sense of urgency, sniffing at trees and bushes and chasing each other around.

Doggo chuckled. "No, no hurry," he said, but he motioned for the others to get moving.

"If it's that smaller dog, I already met her!"

"Just wait and see."

The dogs led them through the forest, well away from any path Papyrus frequented. He stopped, finding himself wondering if he should come up with an excuse to call Sans back. Greater Dog came up behind him, urging him forward. The dog's hand on his shoulder was gentle, but the proximity reminded Papyrus of how big the dog was. Papyrus looked up at him; the dog was panting cheerfully, but Papyrus's attention was drawn to his sharp teeth. Papyrus shook his skull as if he could dislodge the thought. It wasn't the dogs' fault they had pointy teeth. The others had run ahead and were taking turns throwing snowballs for Lesser Dog to catch, the white clumps dissolving on impact.

They still made progress, the more disorderly members of the pack running to catch up when Doggo got too far ahead of them. Sans's bright-eyed glances at the dogs' games betrayed his desire to join in, but apparently he was even more excited to find out what the surprise was. At last Doggo came to a halt.

"What is it you wanted to show me?" Sans asked, trotting to catch up with him. "Oh! What is this?"

"What do you think it is?" Doggo answered the question with a question.

The dog had stopped near the rock face, the side of the massive cavern. There was an inlet here, a concave part of the rock; the snow covered the ground evenly right up to the wall, but no

trees grew in the sheltered space. It seemed unremarkable; Papyrus didn't know what Doggo and Sans were talking about until he stepped past the edge of the rock. It was like being dunked in cold water, and for a moment he couldn't figure out why. Then he realized that he'd lost his connection with his magic—clearly not to the extent that he collapsed into a pile of bones or couldn't light his eyes, but when he cautiously reached for an attack, he found nothing. It was distinctly uncomfortable.

Papyrus tried to back away from the strange no-magic zone, but Greater Dog was standing behind him again. When Papyrus tried to step around him, the dog took hold of his shoulders.

"Excuse me, could you not?" Papyrus objected.

"Is it an old magic blocker from the human war?" Sans looked around for the source of the oddity. The dogs watched him, laughing to themselves.

Papyrus tried to pull away from Greater Dog, who caught him in a bear hug from behind. "Could you put me down, please?" Papyrus managed a nearly polite tone. He didn't like this place at all. If he could just get out of the dead zone and slip among the trees, he could shortcut away without the dogs seeing. Greater Dog didn't answer.

Papyrus didn't think he'd done anything to let on how vulnerable he felt in this position, unable to shortcut or attack, but Sans noticed. "Could you let go of my brother? I'm afraid he doesn't want to be hugged right now." Hot wet droplets landed on Papyrus's skull, and he tried to twist out of the way of the drool.

"Don't worry about him," said Doggo, and as if on cue two of the dogs took hold of Sans's arms.

"What are you doing to him?" Papyrus blurted before Greater Dog covered his mouth.

Sans seemed to be thinking the same thing, but maintained a good deal more optimism. "Is this a game? How do you play?" he asked as the dogs

pulled him over onto the snowy ground. Another grinning dog took up position to hold down his legs. Their tails wagged harder than ever. Maybe Sans was right, and it was a game or some new training method Alphys had devised.

"Yeah," Doggo sneered. "Something like that." His tone didn't fill Papyrus with confidence.

"Hey, be careful," Sans objected as the dogs started pulling at his clothes. "Ooh. Don't worry, I can sew that back up. But, maybe stop it?" The dogs ignored him, ripping at the cloth until only scraps remained of his shirt and pants. Sans seemed to freeze up, clearly uncomfortable but still concerned about not offending the dogs. One of them darted in and clamped its teeth around his ribs, and he gasped.

This was crossing several lines, whether it was a game or training or something else entirely. Papyrus had to stop it. He struggled, then bit down on the hand gagging him. But Greater Dog laughed it off.

"Now, now," Doggo chided. "Be patient." And the dog let go of Sans's ribs.

"You guys...!" Sans's voice was tearful, but Papyrus could tell he was still hoping to smooth over this obvious misunderstanding. "This isn't—You're taking it too far, so let go of me now, please."

Doggo walked over and the dog holding Sans's right arm let go. Sans brightened, glad the dogs had realized their mistake, but Papyrus's soul still pounded in alarm. Greater Dog drooled on his skull, but he didn't even notice.

"You have to start small and work your way up," said Doggo, kneeling to take Sans's hand in his. He stroked the glove and then started to tug it off.

"Doggo?" Sans was confused, but patiently waiting for the dogs to get around to letting him go. He didn't resist as Doggo examined his phalanges and metacarpals, claws tapping faintly against bone.

He did tense up when Doggo lifted the hand to his face and licked it. "What are you doing?"

Papyrus tried to wrench himself out of Greater Dog's arms. It would be worth dislocating something, maybe even leaving a limb behind, to grab Sans and get him out of here by any means necessary. The dog was startled enough that for half a second he thought he would succeed, but then the dog pulled him back into a tighter embrace, tongue brushing his skull as he panted.

Doggo was now sucking on Sans's fingers while the other dogs pulled off his boots and remaining glove, leaving him with just his bandanna.

"This is really inappropriate—" Sans said, his words cut off by a small crunch. He tried to pull his hand back from Doggo, but the dog wouldn't let go. It was, however, enough to make the fingers slip out of the dog's mouth, smearing blue marrow on the white fur of his lips. Two of the proximal phalanges, the finger bones just beyond the metacarpals, were broken and a third cracked, blue magic dripping from the ends. Doggo swallowed, a hint as to what had happened to the missing phalanges, then opened his blue-stained jaws to envelop the hand again.

"I really don't—" Sans started to say, and Papyrus knew he was still trying to get the dogs to see reason, to let them know he wouldn't hold this against them if they would just stop, but he broke off with a cry of pain as one of the others bit into his left tibia.

"You can't sink your teeth into those little bones," commented the dog holding his other arm, and lifted it up in order to gnaw on his ulna and radius. The motion pulled the tibia out of the other dog's mouth, and it growled and pulled back. The tibia popped loose at the knee, bringing the fibula with it. The dog blinked in surprise but then settled down to chew on the leg, which began to splinter, oozing blue liquid.

Sans had been shocked silent, tears of pain and betrayal welling up in his eye sockets. "Guys," he sobbed, plaintive and broken.

Papyrus burned with rage; if only he'd had access to his magic, his eye would have been blazing uncontrollably. He would have skewered every one of these traitorous monsters—or vaporized them. But as it was he could only shout into Greater Dog's paw, straining against his grip. Greater Dog whined in distress, and for a moment Papyrus thought he might be having second thoughts, or Papyrus had managed to hurt him and might have leverage to make him let go.

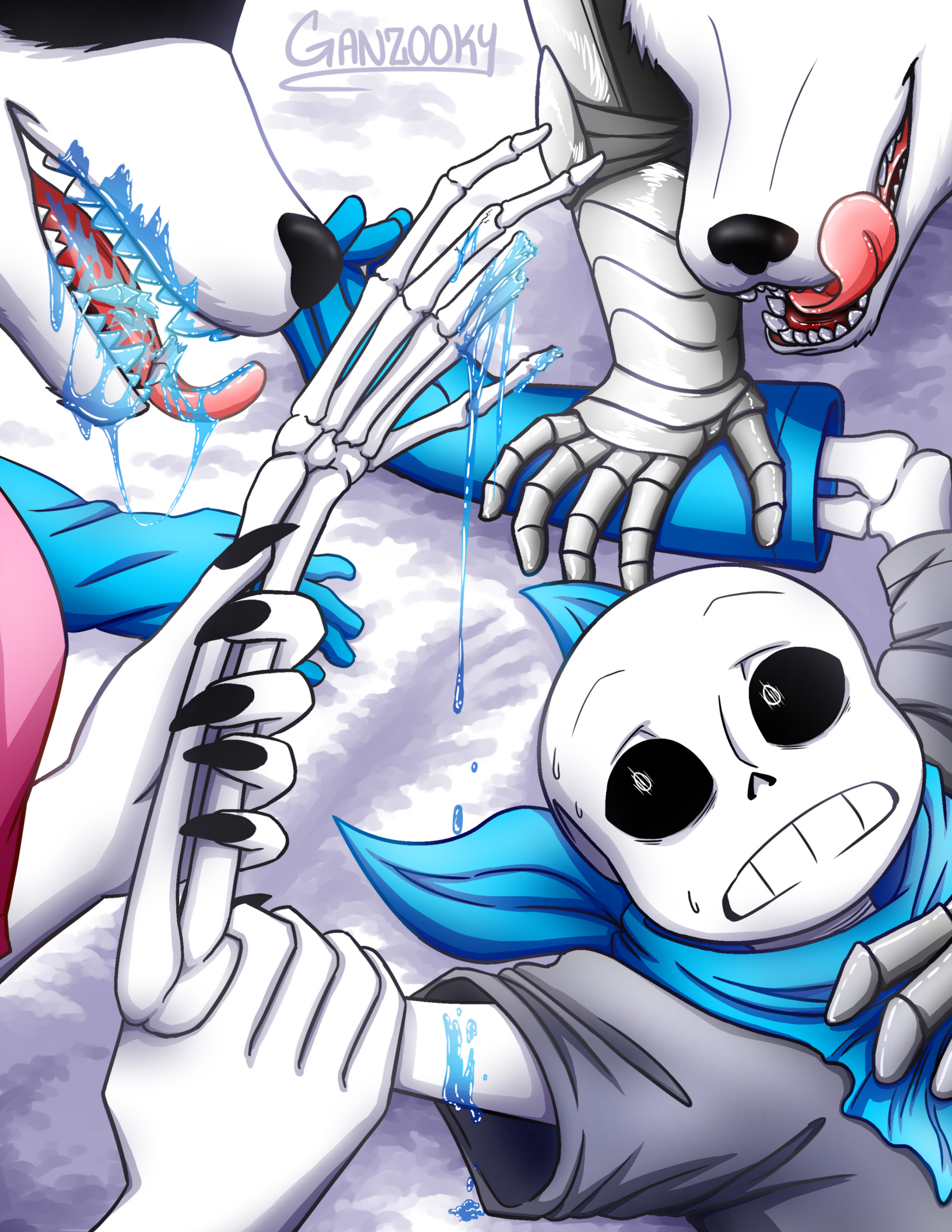
"Don't worry, we'll save you some!" Doggo grinned at him, blood dripping from his jaws. He'd finished the phalanges and metacarpals, and was pulling the carpals off one at a time with his claws, tossing them into his mouth. Sans flinched with each one. Papyrus's soul twitched in sympathy.

Meanwhile, the dog who had ceded Sans's arm to Doggo came around to take charge of his intact leg. Sans kicked at it futilely, whimpering, but the dog closed its jaws around the femur. All the dogs had knelt down to get at him, but now the dog chewing his femur and the dog on his left arm started a tug-of-war, suspending him above the increasingly blood-spattered snow. Blue liquid dripped not only from the dogs' teeth but also sluggishly from the end of the femur where his lower leg had been detached, leaving the magic nowhere to go.

The dog pulling on Sans's arm lost the tug of war when the bones snapped, spraying blue across its face. Sans gave a yelp that melted into a sob as his skull and scapula dropped onto the snow. The dog was content to gnaw on the snapped-off ends, but its packmate had tired of the detached tibia and was sniffing at Sans's free femur.

Papyrus went limp, pretending to have given up, hoping to surprise Greater Dog when he'd let his guard down. He couldn't quite stop trembling even for the sake of the gambit. His face was wet but he wasn't sure how much was tears and how much drool from above.

GANZOOKY





GANZOOKY

Doggo had finished dismantling Sans's hand, and, apparently no longer concerned with progressing bone by bone, he used the radius and ulna only as a handle to lift up the humerus. He had a powerful bite, and the bone cracked, droplets of blue staining his face, his bandanna, and Sans's ribs.

As Doggo licked at the jagged edges, the two dogs chewing Sans's femurs started to growl and pull in opposite directions. Little pained whimpers escaped Sans's teeth each time he was tugged in a new direction, and he tried to reach for the dogs, moving the humerus that Doggo hadn't shattered. It was a useless gesture, but they wouldn't even allow him that. The dog who had bitten through his forearm dropped the fragments and took hold of the humerus with his teeth, yanking and worrying until it came loose from its socket. Sans cried out and his eyelights flickered.

Papyrus couldn't wait any longer. He jabbed at Greater Dog with his elbow, straining to push against his arms, then reversed course to slip downward out of his grasp. But he hadn't loosened it enough to succeed. Greater Dog chuffed in amusement and held him tighter, the end of his hot wet tongue resting on the top of his skull.

Papyrus wrenched his head to the side to get the dog's hand off his mouth. "Sans!" he called out.

Sans's eyes brightened, scanning the area past the dogs but not focusing on anything. "Papy?"

"I'm here, I'm gonna—" Papyrus's words became indistinguishable as Greater Dog clamped his hand over his jaw more firmly.

Papyrus almost wished he hadn't said anything, as Sans seemed more lucid and alert than a moment ago and perhaps he felt it more when one of his femurs finally ripped loose. The dog discarded it immediately in favor of biting into his pelvis.

"Hey," barked the other, letting go of the still-

attached femur and taking hold of the pelvis as well. Papyrus didn't have a good view of what they were doing, but he heard the crack, and the dogs' tongues lapping up marrow and magic. Sans gasped and his eye sockets went dark, skull lolling away from Doggo.

Doggo reached under the bandanna and snapped off part of a rib. Sans's magical integrity must have been weakening, for it to break so easily, whether from the anti-magic field or the severe damage he'd already taken. One of the dogs licking his pelvis perked its ears and broke off a floating rib instead, crouching on the snow to chew on the end. The dog eating Sans's humerus left off in order to get a rib for himself, but the bandanna was in the way. He growled and tugged on it until it came untied. The other dog abandoned the floating rib to grab the other end, playfully starting another tug-of-war.

Papyrus blinked away tears but they replenished so fast he could barely see as the dogs pulled apart Sans's ribs. He'd thought Sans was mercifully past feeling any of it, but when one held down his spine and tugged his broken pelvis loose, Sans shrieked and convulsed. Papyrus reached for a shortcut but found nothing, jolting like he'd underestimated the length of a staircase. It left him feeling faint. Greater Dog whined, but Papyrus wasn't optimistic enough to think he was worried about his prisoner, or that his resistance had had any effect.

"Ah, right," said Doggo, and tossed something at Greater Dog. His aim was good enough that the dog could catch it in his mouth without relaxing his hold on Papyrus. Papyrus didn't want to know, but he twisted his skull to see what it was—the radius that Doggo had left undamaged. Greater Dog munched on it happily, strands of viscous blue-tinted drool dropping onto Papyrus's skull as he looked back at his brother.

Doggo was still picking at his ribs. The shreds of the bandanna were abandoned in the snow. One of the dogs was happily sawing at a shoulder blade, and two were taking turns pulling vertebrae

off Sans's spinal column, licking up the blue liquid that splashed out, and cracking the segments in their teeth to get more. Papyrus might have hoped Sans was unconscious, but he grimaced with each vertebra.

At last Sans caught Doggo's eye as he selected another rib. His skull was smeared with blood and tears, his voice reduced to a breathy gasp, eyelights barely visible.

"I don't... understand."

Doggo snapped the rib off and gestured with it casually, unconcerned that the blood was dripping out. He'd had so much already.

"Dogs like bones, you know."

"Thought we were... friends."

Doggo's brow rose for a moment. "Guess we like you better as a snack than a friend," he answered with a wag of his tail.

"Or a chew toy," added the dog with the scapula.

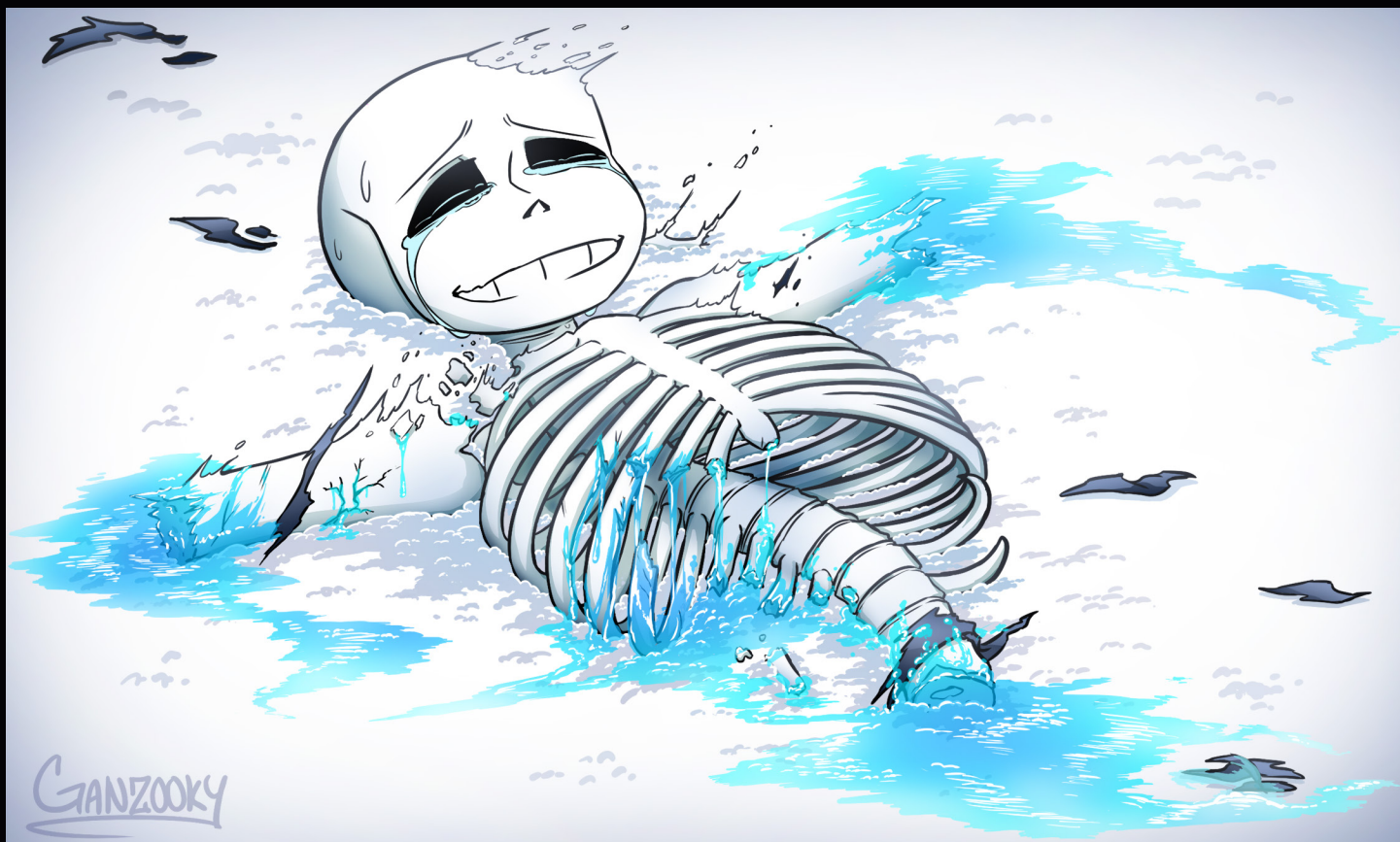
Fresh tears gathered at the corners of Sans's sockets. Doggo began to crunch his way through the rib he was holding. Sans blinked, sending the tears down his cheekbones but restoring a little luminance to his eyelights.

"I hope... at least... I tasted..."

He didn't finish. His eyelights guttered out, leaving his sockets empty. Doggo sneezed as the bone he was chewing on turned to dust in his mouth.

"Aww, fun's over," whined the dog who had been chewing on the scapula as it started to disintegrate. The others pulled off a couple last vertebrae which melted on their tongues. Papyrus thought he felt the dust of whatever was left of Sans's radius settling gently on his skull.

"No, it's not," said Doggo. "We have a whole other skeleton."



Some part of Papyrus was horrified when the dogs all turned to him, but mostly he was outraged that they didn't even bother to watch as Sans's last few bones fell to dust, whiter than the blood-stained snow they lay on.



Papyrus didn't notice Temmie's approach. It was understandable, she thought; being ripped apart by dogs looked pretty distracting. Doggo noticed her, though, and tossed her one of the ulnae, which didn't have too many toothmarks on it.

"I thought you were only after Sans," she said, examining it.

"Yeah, he was in the wrong place at the wrong time."

"Think you can eat all that?"

Doggo looked over his pack. Two of them were occupied playing with the ruins of Papyrus's hoodie, but Greater Dog had largely sat out the first course. He was still loosely holding the skeleton in place, but there was no need to restrain him. He mouthed at Papyrus's shoulder, then crunched through everything from the scapula to collarbone in one bite. Papyrus seemed mostly unresponsive, but that made him flinch.

"Can't let him just go to dust," Doggo shrugged, unconcerned.

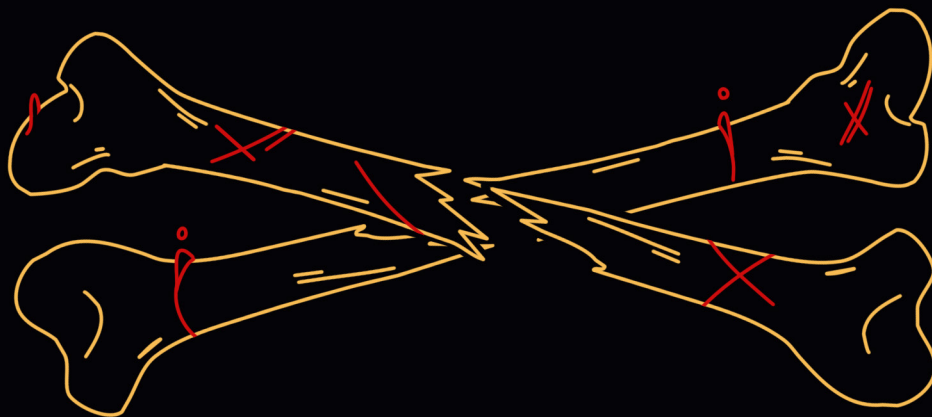
"That would be a waste," Temmie agreed, looking Papyrus in the eyes. If he recognized her, he didn't care enough to show it. She'd seen Papyrus dust plenty of times but never like this. She'd gotten the dog pack to turn on Sans before—it wasn't even that hard, honestly. The old magic blocker she'd found, and hidden in a nearby crevice, made it more one-sided, but even before she'd found it, Sans hadn't been willing to kill any of the dogs to save himself. But in the other timelines the dogs had always seemed too fond of Papyrus to hurt

him, which she'd found strange, considering how few qualms they had about eating his brother.

But if they would eat Papyrus just for showing up at the wrong time, surely she could get them to target him rather than Sans in the first place. It should be an interesting enough challenge to stave off boredom for a few resets.

"Bye for now," she said to Papyrus. He didn't respond, but Doggo waved as he turned his attention to selecting his next bone, somewhat hampered by the dogs now finished shredding the hoodie latching onto Papyrus's ribs and pulling in opposite directions, making his skull flop back and forth. Temmie padded away with the ulna in her mouth, but she didn't chew on it. She would let the dogs finish having their fun, and the dusting of the bone would let her know when they were finished. She didn't need to watch closely; she could see this as many times as she wanted.





Ice Chips

Written by HandMaiden
Illustrated by Wormy

Ships: None

Characters: *Outertale Sans*

Content Warnings: *Space, Sensory Deprivation,
Self-Harm, Bone Peeling, Blood, Marrow, Starving,
Marrow Eating, Autocannibalism,
Maggots, Hallucinations*



You see, the thing was, Sans knew better.

Maybe that's why he did it.

He stared at the crack in his femur, wrapping his phalanges around the dark crevice that seemed to gape endlessly wide between the two sides. He had no idea how long he'd been drifting, watching the only place he'd ever known vanish in the distance. The stars had lost their appeal as a source of wonder the moment he had fallen off the edge of the floating asteroid they called "Home". Instead it left him with a gnawing pit of empty fear that was so much more than the listlessness he had grown used to.

When he had fallen, he hadn't been thinking about anything but scrabbling for a handhold, his blind terror. Teleporting hadn't even occurred to him until it was too late. He'd been locked in place, even as the sickening lurch of losing gravity made him cry out uselessly, losing what little oxygen he had to the swirling dark.

He squeezed the hand lying on his femur, restarting the dull ache it caused. His pinky caught on the tip of the shard jutting out into nothing. The blanched bone was stark and so much brighter than the stars around him, seeming to glow in the darkness. The crack was long and winding, so high up that it almost touched the cartilage starting at the top of his femur. It yanked him back to the present. With every move he made, there was a moment of slow vertigo as the stars shifted with him. Momentum was a horrible thing.

His thoughts drifted back to Papyrus as the ache subsided. Was he ever going to see him again? He didn't see a way out of this situation. There was a heavy lassitude that wanted to take over his mind, to numb him to the reality of what was happening. Did it really matter what he did?

He distracted himself by hooking his finger on the bone shard, sending a sharp spark of pain shooting up into his hip that sent a flash wave of heat through his body after nothing but the endless, debilitating cold. He had nothing left to give, no resistance to the creeping stiffness that enveloped him as his joints filled with ice.

I need this, he thought, even as he started to pull.

Something deep inside his soul twanged like a plucked spider web at the first inkling of pressure-pain as the bone bent ever so slightly backwards under his hand. He found himself struggling to look away; a sick sense of fascination filled him as the bone peeled back, inch by inch, to show the hint of spongy, porous underlayer where the blood vessels twisted in and out of empty spaces. It felt... good. Satisfying, achy, like picking at a scab. As his rational mind cringed away from what he was seeing, he knew there was no going back. The interior glistened wetly in the weak starlight, blocking his view as the blood vessels ruptured gently and started to leak bright red beads of blood into the spaces left behind.

The blood froze into tiny glittering crystals as soon as it leaked from his veins, reminding Sans of minerals dug out of Home. They were the same color, deep maroon in the center and edging towards pink on the outside. It was pretty. He reached out his other hand and closed his fist around the beads of blood as they started to float away. They squeezed between his fingers, semi-congealed, staining his phalanges.

The worst part about this whole situation wasn't the cold or the pain or the way he could feel his sanity slowly crumbling. It was the absence. Not in emotion, though he wished he had something as comforting as numbness to lean on. But he couldn't hear anything, he had no air to breathe, and the eddy of stars around him had dimmed into visual background noise. He couldn't hear his soul beating, though he could feel its fluttering pulse. The dissonance of what he should be experiencing and the nothing was constantly jarring.

Like when the sliver of bone he was pulling on snapped off. There should have been a wet crack, the tinkle of ice clicking against itself, a hitched breath. Instead there was a hollow, muffled pop that reverberated up his leg, almost too much

after so long. The sides of his head tingled, replaying the "sound" it made. It should have given him the relief he was looking for. It should have been enough. The shard slipped out of numb fingers, orbiting into the nothingness with him. It crumbled into dust, scattering with the force of its own demise. He was struck with a sense of betrayal as he tried to reach out and missed. He was lost and angry at himself for feeling abandoned by a fucking piece of bone.

On a whim, Sans formed a tiny dagger of an attack in one hand, his own intent burning his hand with the force of his self-loathing. He was wasting magic, wasting energy. He needed to save up what he had so he could get back to Papyrus.

(Like he was ever going to see him again.)

Placing the sharp, flat side of the attack against his leg felt like another step closer to the ledge. The longer he spent floating, the more he frosted over. His joint had gone dry, making it almost impossible to bend, and now the ice was creeping onto the bone itself. The idea of freeing himself of even a little bit had latched onto his brain like a particularly stubborn leech. He needed this.

He slowly dragged the attack down the length of his femur, scraping the layer of ice off with a bone-chilling sensation that would have made him cringe in any other situation. Pain racked his lower half as ice chips and flecks of frozen bone drifted from the space his hands had been. He was so close to something he couldn't name but craved with a ferocity he didn't think he could manage anymore. He found himself trembling as he took the attack and wedged the point into the notch he'd carved out of the thickest part of his femur. His soul was pounding so hard in his chest, he imagined he could hear it.

He started to push.

He moved centimeters at a time, savoring the perverse, burning pain that bloomed across his nervous system like blood in water. He felt warm, like he could crack open the ice around him. He could almost hear the creaking it would have made. But he couldn't hear anything. He couldn't breathe, couldn't scream. The stars he loved so much blurred together into tainted crystal tears.

He was so hungry for something, anything to end this emptiness.

Something gave in his leg and his toes twitched feebly in protest. The pain swerved sharply into agony, almost unbearable, before gentling into something comforting and sweet. It felt like waking up from a nap to a freshly cooked pot of spaghetti. It felt like home. It was fading. He needed more.

He yanked the attack out of his leg, hoping to recapture that elusive feeling. He lost focus on the feeling as the world lurched around him. He couldn't properly appreciate it, pinwheeling his arms frantically in an attempt to stop the sickening swirl of stars. Closing his eyes made it worse. His head was ringing.

Slowly, ever so slowly, the array around him steadied into something he could bear. He looked at the attack in his hand for the first time and stared blankly at the small, black thing that was skewered on the end.

Sans squinted at it. He could hardly see it against the space behind it. He glanced down at the gaping hole in his femur, where he could more clearly see another poking limply out of the marrow. He eased his attack back in gingerly, completely derailed. He caught the edge of the marrow in a brilliant flash of heat. The worm, it had to be a worm, twitched. He felt it start to squirm. Sans lost control of the attack, retching helplessly.

The maddening ringing in his skull became deafening. Sans covered his acoustic meatus, knowing it wouldn't help. His chest heaved once, uselessly, as he tried to cope with the sudden awareness of the itch inside his bones. It spread from the point of entry, a horrible cacophony of tactile noise that he had been so desperately craving, twisted into something he never would have wanted.

His back strained into a painful arch as the scratching intensified, his hands clawing at his eye sockets, hooking his fingers inside. His mouth opened in a rictus scream that made no sound.

He pulled at his sockets until they ached, until something gave and wet warmth spread across his fingers, slowly at first, then filling his vision. It wasn't blood, it wasn't the right color.

And everything stopped.

Sans opened his eyes, blinking away frozen tears. The stars winked at him in all directions. His hands were in front of him, holding the attack he'd dissipated. He stared down at the hole in his femur, marrow showing from the mouth of the wound like a mangled tongue. He didn't see anything black, but there was a phantom echo in his leg of the incessant itchiness that had him gripping his attack in preparation. For what he didn't know.

The prickling didn't fade. It stayed the same, a shallow reverberation of something crawling inside his marrow that had no end. He searched the hole in his femur extensively, but didn't see anything besides his own marrow. He jabbed the attack back in, desperately trying to stifle the feeling. He felt the crunch of ice giving way as his vision whited out. The furious bloom of blood that floated out was the color of rancid meat, darker than before. It spurted out in globs where his attack dug in.

He tilted the attack, scraping it down the length of the damage. He'd find the source and dig it out if he had to. His hand jerked as he moved, pangs of pain washing over him like a fever. He pulled the attack out slowly once he reached the end, looking obsessively for even a hint of black. All he saw were soft chunks of marrow lining the razor edge. He didn't see anything but he could still feel them, rasping oh so softly against his oversensitive nerves.

His soul ached in his chest. It was beating too quickly, like a demented butterfly trying to escape its cage. How long had he been out here? He was going to dust out here, where no one could find him. He'd just scatter to pieces when his magic lost form. Maybe it was for the best. Maybe he'd rather dust than be eaten alive by-

Something moved on the end of his attack.

Sans raised the attack to his mouth before he

could think. He didn't even hesitate before leaping off the cliff in desperation.

He scraped his teeth on the attack as he bit down. He tasted heavy, savory stew. He could feel the irony tang on the back of his tongue. When he chewed, bits of it cracked beneath his teeth. He felt more tears freezing at the corners of his eyes, his soul suddenly clenching with hunger. For a moment everything else faded.

It was heaven.

And all at once it went wrong.

The texture was gritty and soft, like eating dirt and sour milk, congealed into wet lumps. It tasted like dried blood clots and thick, rich, rotten meat. He tried to scrape the remnants clinging to his teeth but all he managed was a hitched sob that made no noise. His magic incorporated the marrow into his system and his bones suddenly sang with that tiny bit of extra nourishment. He was consumed with the need for more, more, *more*.

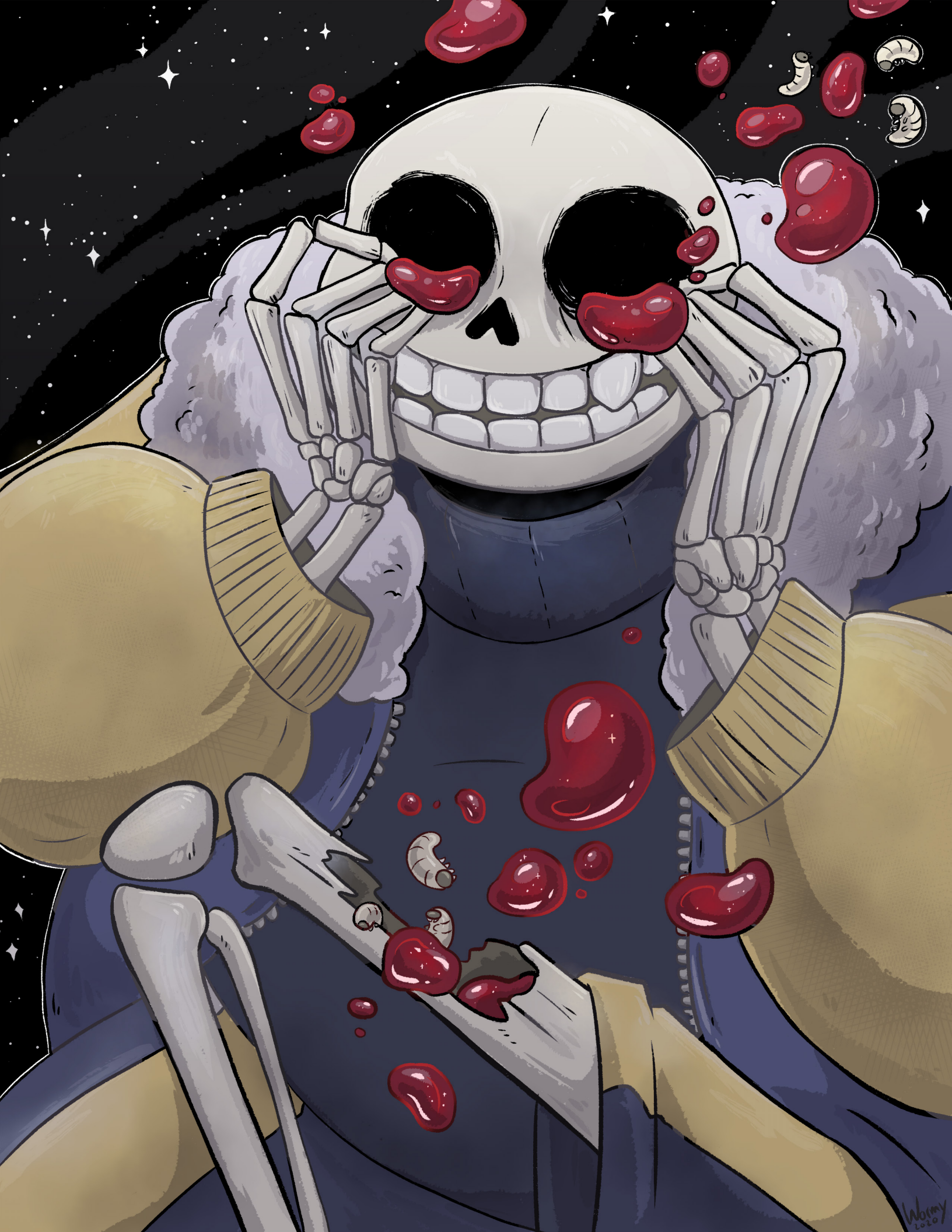
He formed his tongue and licked off the traces he missed, cutting his tongue open and adding the taste of fresher blood to the euphoria he was experiencing. When he dug back in for more, he barely even noticed the pain, carving out a hefty chunk and shoving it into his mouth all at once. The wad of marrow practically melted in his mouth, leaving him empty. He pried off a piece of bone in a frenzy, hardly noticing it snap off and crumble away, focused on getting to the deliciousness inside.

Why not keep going? Why not rip off his whole leg and suck it dry like an oyster shell? Why the hell not?

His chest heaved in a sick parody of a laugh as he raised the attack to finish what he started. To keep picking away at himself until he lost all control. He convulsed, his cheeks aching in protest as he felt his sanity snap like a rubber band.

He couldn't see himself smile.





He Will Be Perfect

Written by Onyx

Illustrated by Mweshmallow

Ships: *Swapcest (Underswap Fontcest)*

Characters: *Underswap Sans, Underswap Papyrus*

Content Warnings:

*Dubious Consensual / Nonconsensual,
Bone Carving, Bone Piercing, Bone Grinding,
Tattooing, Drugging, Dubcon Sexual Touching,
Manipulation, Stockholm Syndrome,
Forced Dependency, Captivity / Imprisonment,
Yandere / Creep Papyrus, Verbal Bondage,
Broken Bones*



Sans watched the small lights twinkling on the cave ceiling, admiring the false stars and the falling snow through the window. He could see a few people in the distance walking through town.

The thought of being able to go out and join them in the snow and fresh air nagged at the back of his skull, but he knew better. Dinner had to be made before Papyrus got back, after all. Going outside would just frustrate his brother, and Sans couldn't fathom suffering through the silent treatment again. Sans learned the first time how important it was to chat with Papyrus when he got home. Besides, he had a knitting project to finish while watching Napstaton, so he didn't have time to go walking unsupervised.

Still, Sans clung to every little time Papyrus did let him go out, even when it was a short minute walk from the front to the back of the house. Those were better days, when he could chat all day with Papyrus in the private lab, even if he had no clue what his brother was doing the majority of the time.

Sans turned back to the pantry, retrieving the ingredients for dinner to get it cooking before Papyrus got home. He shrieked when arms wrapped around him from behind. His cheeks bloomed with a bright blush.

"Papy!" he huffed, blushing more when Papyrus nuzzled into his neck. "You were supposed to stop sneaking up on me!"

"Sorry, bro," Papyrus chuckled, squeezing Sans gently. "Had ta get ya before you started dinner."

Sans frowned faintly when Papyrus turned off the preheating oven. "Why?"

"Got an idea, and I need you in order to do it properly," he purred, kissing Sans' cheek softly. "You should go get your shoes and jacket, we're going out back to the lab."

Sans blinked before grinning and spinning in

Papyrus' arms, eyelights flickering to stars in excitement. "Really?! What are we going to do that you need me?"

Papyrus smiled wider as well, catching his younger brother on the teeth with a quick kiss. "It's a surprise. Why don't you go get ready and we'll go?"

"Okay!"

Sans was quick to get ready, ripping his jacket from the hook by the door and nearly tripping as he put his shoes on. Papyrus meandered over leisurely with a chuckle. The fact that Papyrus found it funny that he was excited over something he so rarely got to do made his soul twist a little. Papyrus always got to go outside! Sans felt he deserved to be excited about going outside when he usually experienced it through a window.

The gust of cold air was a welcome one. Sans tried to cherish it for a moment, but Papyrus quickly locked the door behind them and guided him along. A pleasant shiver rattled his bones as they walked around the house, but he sighed in frustration at Papyrus' brisk pace.

"Can we please walk a little slower?" Sans complained.

He frowned when Papyrus merely smiled and shook his head. "Not safe to stay outside long. You know that, bro."

Sans didn't argue despite the disappointment setting in his soul. He looked towards the snow-covered trees and the sparkling ceiling of the cavern before he reluctantly let Papyrus nudge him through the open door of the lab.

Being inside the lab was still nicer than the same boring walls and rooms of the house, even if it always gave off an eerie feeling. When Papyrus turned on the light, Sans took the time to look around at the boxes, lab table and other counters with various equipment, and tools covered in sheets.

"Take off your jacket and shirt," Papyrus started, messing with a cart that had a sheet over the top of it, "and then lie back on the table."

Sans blinked before nodding, following without complaint as he hung the clothes on a nearby chair. Then he hopped onto the table and lay down.

"Sorry, meant on your front, Sans."

"...So what are we doing?" he asked quietly, the silence of the lab suffocating, as if daring him to speak too loud and be silenced himself.

Papyrus pulled the cart over and locked it in place. Sans watched him with his arms cushioning his skull since the cold metal table offered no support. A shiver rattled down his spine when Papyrus uncovered the cart; many pristine, shiny metal tools stared back at Sans.

"I'm testing if things like tattoos and piercings would work for us," he explained, picking up a dremel to attach a tip he pulled from another part of the cart. "And checking to make sure we can do bone damage without taking away HP."

Sans didn't like the sound of that. His soul clenched tightly in his chest, making it feel like he couldn't breathe.

"...why would we want to carve our bones?"

The expression that crossed Papyrus' face when he glanced towards Sans made him feel even smaller than he already was. He shied away from meeting his brother's eye, looking nervously at the dremel instead.

"I'm going to make you look pretty," Papyrus answered after a tense moment of silence.

When the insinuation clicked with Sans, Papyrus was already pulling on gloves. He felt like his soul had jumped into his throat, and he flinched when the dremel gave a sharp whirl as Papyrus tested it twice.

"I'm not already pretty?" he barely managed to whisper.

Tears stung his sockets at the fact Papyrus seemed to hesitate on replying, before a smile replaced his contemplative look. Sans didn't pull away when Papyrus leaned down and pressed a kiss to his skull.

"Of course you are, I just think some bone decoration would accentuate the fact."

"We could always try ink stains instead?"

"Those aren't as permanent, Sans, and they could easily smudge." Papyrus sighed, raising his brows at Sans. "Now can I start?"

Sans wanted to argue and get off the table, but... it was to make him prettier. He knew Papyrus wouldn't do this because he wanted to hurt him, right?

...Right?

Going by the impatient and dark look Papyrus gave him, Sans wasn't quite sure anymore.

"It's going to hurt..." he tried again, feeling the tears beading on the rim of his sockets now.

"Not for long, Sans," Papyrus immediately disputed, frowning. "Here. If you don't like the outcome, we won't do it ever again. Deal?"

Sans' bones rattled as he glanced between Papyrus' face and the dremel still in hand, slowly and reluctantly nodding. When Papyrus smiled he looked away once more, pressing his forehead to the cold metal of the table. As Papyrus leaned over him, a nervous sweat began to bead on his skull, and when he heard the dremel start, he had to force himself to keep his breathing steady.

The first sting of the dremel had him tensing, but it wasn't as bad as he thought it would be. At least, not until Papyrus really started working on his scapula to grind away a pattern. That was when it started burning, deep and pressing into the marrow, though he couldn't tell if he was actually bleeding.

"Papy," Sans hiccuped. "It hurts... Please stop."

Though Papyrus had placed a hand on his arm, it did little to comfort him, but rather to steady him as he shook from restraining his sobs and hiccups. The tears finally dripped down onto the table the longer the pain went on.

"Papy--"

"Relax, Sans. It's just for a few more minutes."

Slow, smooth patterns were forcing their way onto the surface of his bone, though Sans only felt a steady throb of pain. Papyrus had to pause in order to blow away the gathering dust here and there, but otherwise he stayed watching as marrow beaded in a few of the carved lines. It flared a pretty baby blue in agitation, adding to the intricate work now taking up most of Sans' scapula.

Sans sobbed quietly but froze when Papyrus started again, a sharp whine escaping him as Papyrus began carving the sliver of space on his left shoulder blade. A few minutes later, Papyrus *finally* pulled back.

Sans struggled to sit up, only to have a squeak forced out when Papyrus pushed him back into the table with a hand between his shoulders.

"We're not done yet, Sans. I have to do your other one."

Sans yelped when something cold was pressed into his shoulder, burning and stinging with the contact to the open and inflamed wounds. Slowly it turned to a dull ache and sting before going blissfully numb. He flinched when Papyrus touched his other shoulder, confused as to when he had moved, but trying to focus on the relief he felt from the cold.

He looked up towards the taller skeleton, blinking away the tears blurring his vision as he tried not to whimper.

"Papy, I-I don't like this... Can we please stop?"

"Just let me make it even. Then when you see it finished we can decide whether or not to do more." Papyrus smiled, leaning down to kiss him on the teeth.

Sans wanted to pull away and argue more, but...

Papyrus was doing this to make him prettier. That was supposed to be a good thing. But when Papyrus withdrew, Sans wanted to tug at his arm, delay him a little longer. He didn't want the pain to start again yet. If he had just a few more seconds to brace himself-

Sans hiccuped and pressed his face back into the table, groaning when the hot, sharp pain started up again. The contrast to the cold on his other side had his soul twisting, lost between the sensations and knowing he wasn't supposed to be in this much pain. A particularly deep line had Sans feeling like his soul was being squeezed, everything else fuzzy on the edges before it blissfully faded away.

When Sans slowly came back to awareness, he tensed in expectation of pain as Papyrus' hand drifted along his spine. It blessedly never came, and he relaxed again, blinking around blearily with a shiver. His mouth felt dry, and his limbs heavy. Still, a soft warmth spread through him as he lay atop Papyrus.

"You did so well, Sans," Papyrus hummed, nuzzling the top of his skull. "Now get some rest. We're taking a break for now."

Sans mumbled into his hoodie, dazed and sluggish as he slowly returned to the sweet darkness that held no pain.



Sans was slow to wake up. He slowly blinked as his brother walked inside the room and set down the platter of soup and drink. He let himself be maneuvered into a sitting position, wincing at the dull pain in his ribs and skull; the drugs were wearing off with his next dose due soon.

Papyrus wasn't much for talking during the times Sans woke, and he appreciated it somewhat. His soul and magic felt slow as he ate, the fuzz of induced exhaustion lifting as Papyrus cleaned off the bones he planned to carve for the day.

While Sans knew each line of the carvings was done out of love and care, the pain was always the worst. He appreciated his brother's effort, really. The designs were beautiful, even if the first ones were on the simpler side as smooth scroll patterns. It made sense to start out that way.

Now his head, arms and ribs were decorated with similar clean, swooping lines and curls that had healed just as nicely. Sans loved the way they had all turned out, but he was getting tired of going to the lab every day.

He nearly jolted when Papyrus' fingers danced along his pubic arch, a smirk on the taller skeleton's face. Face blooming with the heat of a blush, Sans turned away, shifting and sighing softly at the teasing touch as Papyrus explored the planes of his pelvis. Sans' soul ached faintly, magic flaring in his joints and pelvis as though yearning more, but Papyrus drew away too soon for it to form.

When he felt the hand on his face, Sans obediently turned and pressed into the soft kiss, purring faintly until he was scooped up into his brother's arms. The sudden shift of his room to the lab had his soul recoiling. He gagged as he buried his face into Papyrus' chest before lightly hitting it.

"Papy!"

"Sorry, Sans." He chuckled, not truly sounding sorry in the least bit as he set Sans gingerly onto the table.

"...Can you make me sleep this time please?" Sans asked quietly, watching as his brother brought over the tools and stool.

Receiving no response for several long moments as Papyrus got everything ready, he turned his gaze to the ceiling. He wasn't surprised, but he always hoped that Papyrus would give him that ounce of mercy. Sans whined when he felt the dremel against his femur, wishing Papyrus would just give him something to ease the pain while he worked.

He learned quickly that it was not in fact the dremel against his femur. Papyrus pushed deeper than he had ever before, a sharp, fast and agonizing pain shooting up his femur, hip and spine.

Papyrus' skull rang from how loud Sans screamed as he drilled through the thick bone, pale blue marrow oozing from the puncture as he pulled

the drill back. He smirked faintly as Sans fought to regain his breath, rattling and silently crying.

"Two more on this femur and then I'll get to carving, Sansy, I promise," he cooed, wiping away one of the tears running down Sans' cheek.

"Hurts..." Sans whimpered, weakly grabbing at Papyrus' wrist as he hiccuped. "Please, Papy..."

"It'll be over soon," Papyrus reassured, squeezing Sans' hand in return before pulling away and starting to drill once more.

Sans stayed perfectly still for him, even if Papyrus had to keep his hand on his femur to make sure it went through cleanly. In each femur he drilled three holes and by the time he was done the lab smelled of dusted bone and fresh marrow. Passed out from the pain, Sans barely whimpered when Papyrus covered the piercing with gauges, though his expression was scrunched.

Papyrus took out the dremel and drew slow, swooping lines, curving into a floral pattern. Petals and flowers led from Sans' knee up to the point where his femur met his pelvis. He gently dabbed the beading marrow from where a few lines had pressed deeper than he had intended, then moved to the next femur and slowed down, focusing on mirroring the pattern on his other femur.

Sans would be his perfect beautiful little brother soon enough. He just wished he'd stayed awake long enough during this session to agree with him.



Sans fidgeted and shifted in bed for the umpteenth time in the past hour, wide awake and mentally suffocating in the silence of his bedroom.

He wasn't supposed to be awake yet, he knew that much. No amount of calling and yelling for Papyrus had made his brother appear, which meant he wasn't home. Sans was alone, and the thought of that had his soul clenching in fear.

Everything ached, and with the forgetfulness of his brother not giving him his meds, the pain was amplified with each movement. Breathing made his ribs light up in pain, and just lying in the bed made his spine, pelvis and legs burn and itch. Removing his blanket had been a task in itself, and he was weak and tired from not moving on his own for weeks now.

Sans didn't keep track of Papyrus' schedule, as he was always in and out, but it had been so many hours since he had last seen him. He hoped Papyrus' shift ended soon. It was so lonely and boring here, and Papyrus hadn't even left a book on the nightstand. If he had, at least then he could read to pass the time... and to distract himself from his growing hunger. His soul twisted uneasily.

Sans tried to give Papyrus some more time to get home. The light from the nearby window transitioned from a soft yellow to a dimmer silver, until it disappeared entirely. Finally he couldn't wait any longer. His soul felt pinched, and nausea threatened to make him lose what little magic he had.

Sans had to be careful. He couldn't mess up Papyrus' work. His bones were frail and thin from the carving, and his magic was too low to handle a break. Too much of it was directed toward healing and reinforcing the deepest carvings. He *needed* to eat before he had too much of a deficit to keep everything together.

Moving made things flare up, leaving him hunched in on himself, breathing through the pain as he managed to sit on the edge of the bed. He could do it. It was just... going to be very slow.

Standing was easier than he thought, though it challenged his strength as everything seemed to swirl around him. It was nauseating, but he managed a step forward, and then another. He was careful, keeping close to his bed and the wall for support until he reached the door.

The door opened with a soft creak, though it echoed loudly in Sans' skull. Slowly he made his way out, using the handrail as support as his

knees shook with the effort. Once he managed the last step he had to sit on the floor, jaw tight as he waited for the pain that laced his feet and legs to settle.

After he managed a few breaths, Sans got back to his feet and warily eyed the larger space between the staircase and the couch. He needed to wait longer before he tried to walk again, but his pelvis already felt itchy and bruised from the thin carpet. If he made it to the couch, there'd be less of a chance the irritation would extend into the next day. It would give him a chance to recoup before heading to the kitchen, and maybe Papyrus would return home before he attempted the journey.

One shaky step led into another as his bones rattled. It overtook the silence as he tried to be quick and careful, though it did little, Sans realized quickly, as the dull ache in his leg turned to a hot burn under the strain. He couldn't move his weight to the other leg fast enough.

Snap

Sans barely registered the break before searing agony flashed up his leg. A duller *crack* followed when he fell to his knees, the air knocked out of him. His skull rang as he tried to regain his bearings. His right arm lay a few inches away, his ribs lit up in pain as he tried to breathe. When he dared to glance down he could see his leg, tibia snapped and completely broken away from his femur.

Blindly he reached to try and stem the bleeding, his breath hitched with sobs.

"Papy!" he wailed, choking on a dry heave at the pain.

But nobody came.







Between a Rock & a Hard Place

Written by Skerb
Illustrated by hj_skb

Ships: None

Characters: Sans

Content Warnings:

*Pseudo-Radiation Poisoning, Suffocation,
Broken Bones, Body Disintegration, Blood,
Trapped / Claustrophobia, Dusting, Loneliness,
Slow Death, Major Character Death*



HJ.SKB
2020



The cruel grip of throbbing, ceaseless pain calls Sans back to consciousness. It lances up his spine from where he's caught, wedged into a tight space and buried deep under the thoroughfare above. Rocks surround him, thrust into his side and under his legs to prop him up at an awkward angle. He's scuffed and bruised, hanging heavily in the debris. When he opens his eyes, the stony shaft walls stare coldly at his face. With it being only a few inches away, Sans can detect the familiar scent of hot iron.

It takes awhile for his brain to string coherent thoughts together, namely since every word that enters his head is abruptly crossed out by the score of an invisible pen. It takes time. His body protests with every attempt to even gauge where he is. The rocks around him are sharp and wet, and a thick, cloying miasma in the air makes every breath raw and achy. His hoodie is caught on something higher up, forcing his arms into an awkward angle above him.

Eventually, his vision clears. He doesn't remember being brought here, and he wouldn't have been *this* clumsy to get himself trapped. Or maybe he *had* fallen, and this was just his luck. All he knows is that before this his heart and soul had been elated; he had been amongst the first to finally see the Surface after years, hell, *centuries* of waiting.

Sans looks around and tries to correct his footing, finding his clothes torn and shredded. There's an underlying pressure that ripples around and into his body, a constant, distant throb that gradually builds up the longer he focuses on it. And when he tries to move, it gets worse. So much worse. Panic coils up within him, ready to burst at a moment's notice.

Far above him, there's a crack hidden away. If that's where he fell, it's a wonder he didn't break anything on the way down. Perhaps that's why his shoulder aches as much as it does, the limb nearly pulled from the angle where he'd dropped.

The floor below is unsure, patterned with milky-grey rough splotches, the sediment almost glowing with something underneath.

The air's still too thick. Even though he's hardly moving, he can't seem to catch his breath. Not that skeletons need to breathe, but the energy required to keep going makes it difficult if there is too much or too little magic around. So there must be something wrong here because Sans' breaths have started to catch, to burn, shivering out as each lights him up in pain.

And that distant throb around him only continues to worsen. Ok, nothing like waking up and not knowing where you are to instill a little panic, but something in the air that creates a shockwave of blistering pain is something else. Sans looks around a little more to survey how to get himself down before he falls and hurts himself further, but doesn't find anything suitable to land on. His shoes just hang uselessly on his feet, his joints protesting under what feels like heavy gravity.

Then it dawns on him. His shortcuts, duh. Why didn't he think of it sooner? It would've been a lot easier to manage had he not been blinking around stupidly as the atmosphere steadily ate at his reserves. He draws in his energy, wincing when the magic in his soul constricts. Then he suddenly stops when it whooshes out of him with an ugly pop.

The shortcut fails.

Dread settles in on him, and he tries again, his magic twisting. He's pinned, wrestling in the space he's trapped in. Every time, it pulls at something he didn't know existed, branching out to pull at a thread from deep inside him as it slowly, agonisingly unravels.

He swears, sweating from the effort, the magic thin and sticky. The small droplets on his bones almost seem to boil, burning him with his own essence. The unsteady heat around him climbs,

his clothes heavy and hot as it begins to swelter. As he peers at his tattered clothes, he only just realises that the plastic from his zipper looks shinier than it has in years, like it's starting to melt. His soul clenches with fear when something sparks in the air, just outside of his periphery.

He knows this place -- or rather, he's worked in areas like his before. Small tubes of gas and pockets of unstable magic wind around the Underground, creating dense pressure that needs to be ventilated to Hotland. Sometimes small fissures crack their way to the surface, but the safety committee monitors them at all times, tracking their movements before they reach civilization. After all, being near such a place would be dangerous, as the CORE constantly emits radical energy.

Sans swallows thickly as realisation crashes upon him like a brick upside the head. In their hurry to flock to the surface, to the barrier that was now broken, it's likely that the lab technicians had abandoned their posts. There probably wouldn't be anyone left to scan, and that beyond shutting down the CORE to minimal levels, no one would be monitoring it. Nobody would detect him.

Fear twists around inside him, fragile dreams of a better life topside quickly melting away to the fear of dying. For being a so-called nihilist, how had Sans convinced himself that he was allowed a shred of hope? He had actually believed that there would come a time where he could stare up at the night sky and see the real stars with his brother.

And now, unless someone found him fast, he wouldn't be able to do any of that. He'd tasted freedom for only a moment before it had been cruelly ripped from him. Papyrus couldn't know where he was. Would he just assume that Sans had gone ahead, too excited to wait?

Another wicked crackle stipples throughout his body. It feels too much like the sproutings of a flare-up, of the CORE tossing up effluent grime to the surface of its molten mantle. Its magic

tends to fizzle out and sputter. He's too close to its epicentre.



Over time, the shockwaves become more familiar. Sans' breaths shudder, tight and heavy in his chest like they're stuck there. It takes effort to push them out and to draw in the needed energy just to survive. Maybe if he's lucky, it'll only be a small flare and he can worm his way to the crack above.

Despite his wants, his joints ache like his limbs are going to pop out of their sockets. He can't even muster the strength to twist his arm from his sleeve, even though the fabric steams and burns his bones. He huffs, exhausted.

He tries again. His knees ache when he pushes his back against the rocks. His entire body screams at him, his magic thin like dribbling egg whites. Gasping, Sans manages to wrestle his arm from one of his sleeves. The entire limb shudders as he brings it to his chest, exhausted and weak from his struggle. His legs scrape against the glowing rock and sediment, burned by the residue they leave behind. Sans is too slow to wipe it away as it inches into the bone, eating it away. The area is too cramped. He attempts another gulp, his soul pounding at the thought.

No one knows I'm here.

His third and fourth attempts at shortcutting burn his soul, leaving his magic crackling like old defective wires. The world feels as though it's going to swallow him whole, the ceiling too far and the walls crushing in.

Blindly, he throws his arm to the wall in an attempt to push it away. He claws upwards, vying for purchase to pull himself up and out of the awkward position. Despite his best efforts, all he earns himself are scraped and bleeding distals that peel up like spongy soft wood. Dust clots at the blood, making him nauseous from the sight. Sans can't help the warbling, soft, and pitiful cry

as he cradles his now-foaming and bubbling hand close to his chest.

Don't think about it. Don't think about how you're going to die. Someone will find you, Sans.

Someone has to.



He knows that he shouldn't, but tears gather at his eyes. He can't afford to spare the magic, no matter how crushed and alone he feels. Who knows how long it's been since he's been trapped down here?

Did someone push him? He racks his mind to try to visualise who he might've pissed off to merit such torture, but his thoughts spin and curl into a massless ooze when he tries to put names to faces and memories to events.

Whoever it was... must've hated him big time.

Or maybe... it was an accident or a misunderstanding? Sans doesn't know which of the two is more comfortable a thought. Perhaps it was a joke gone too far and he had slipped.

Maybe it's easier to blame someone else for his hard luck. As much as he would've liked for an outlier to be responsible, he probably just tripped and fell all on his own.

He jolts when something nearby cracks. Is it distorted magic from the fissure or something else? Fear as well as a small hope swell within him. Maybe it's someone who had seen him down here. Sans blinks back tears, wiping across his face so he can peer through the haze of steam and heat.

He stops when he catches a glimpse of soft grey powder trailed down his sleeve, blood smearing and clotting the dust to his clothes. *Fuck*. He doesn't have time. It's taken too long. His joints already feel swollen as they prickle with radical energy. He can't defeat it. It's not a fight where

he has a chance of winning or cheating his way out. The CORE is too passive and doesn't react to intent. He sobs under his breath, stuck in place. Wetness creeps down from his ankles to soak his socks, thick and slow like honey. He doesn't have to look down to know that it's blood.

The burn of the CORE's energy flashes through his body with every pulse, flaking bits of his integrity with it. The radiation is so intense that it begins to burn his clothes away with bursts of heat. They're fading, a former lustre of their normal appearance, tattered and torn as the thick and angry magic swirls around him. The energy peels up the tiny plates that make up his body, eroding the cartilage in between until he's rendered weak and fragile.

It's too agonising to focus on one area at a time. All he can manage is whimpering and, when he can't take it anymore, choking off his screams. He flinches when the pulses amp up, twitching and trembling when his body starts to give out.

One shoe drops off, and with it, Sans gapes. He stares down at the stub at the end of his leg, his soul hammering furiously to keep him whole. He trembles in his effort not to fall apart as the magic in his knee crumbles like fine grit, drifting from the space. His leg loses its usual sheen, dulling to a dead and empty thing as the marrow inside broils into a fine mist. The end of it crumbles away, drifting to disappear below. All Sans can do is tilt his head back and try to think about happier times.



It takes a long time to die. His clothes are a shredded mess, but the CORE's pulse has ebbed down to a merciful throb. Everything from the knees down is gone, his fingers chipped away and his pelvis partially eroded. His vertebrae are loose, like if Sans were to cough, they'd wriggle free. It's a sickening feeling, but he can't do anything.

Everything hurts. Everything burns. Every bone is scorched from the inside out. Everything that was

once soft is now hardened and petrified.

He doesn't even attempt to move. It's not like he can. It feels like an age has gone by, wrapped up in the CORE's embrace, thick and cloying like terrible perfume. The rocks are his friends now. His dreams are the small glowing pebbles embedded in front of his eyes.

He's starting to lose it.

Over the hours, he glances up, hoping for someone to poke their head into the crag in the mountain where he's lost and broken. And every time, Sans' soul squeezes with loneliness when he realises that no one will ever find him.

What he wouldn't give for at least one more chance to see his brother. He had looked so excited at the prospect of meeting the sun, of driving on long highways and seeing the sights. Now it hurts to think that Sans will never get to share that with him.

Ever since he had regained consciousness, there had been barely a sound but the ones he had made himself. Now, however, Sans hears the gentle rush of air and the sweltering of magma in the near distance.

There's a creak. A brittle snap. Sans' body lurches as his weight swings him forward, freed by his arm as it loosens from its broken socket. His skull cracks off the opposite wall and for one glorious moment, Sans sees something other than the dreary flats and shards of rock that surround him -- a bright wash of red.

Red. His brother's scarf. Has Papyrus found him?

No. It's just blood. His blood. With a dull ache in his chest, Sans releases a bitter sob as the scatter of splintering bones hit the jagged rocks below. The movement jars his spine, misaligning the column of bone in their precarious stack. It topples, dropping him and a few ribs to join with the rest of his dust at the bottom of the cavern.

He closes his eyes. He can't fight this anymore. His soul begins to chip and crack, giving up as his body follows suit. It's almost a relief when the pain becomes distant even though Sans knows he's dying. When he reopens his eyes, they barely focus on the red glove that reaches towards him as his bones turn to dust and disintegrate.

Too late.

He gives up, the heat rendering his soul into shards and his body into fine silt. A cry from above poisons his last moments with brief hope before everything just stops.







Whittled Away

Written by Uggy

Illustrated by RK

Ships: *Underfell Sansby*

Characters: *Underfell Sans, Underfell Grillby,*

Content Warnings:

*Lobotomy, Rape (Nonconsensual Sex),
Blowjob, Amputation, Skull Injury,
Broken Bones, Knife, Memory Loss,
Forced Restraints, Kidnapping,
Sex Slavery*



"Ah!" Sans woke up because something was wrong with his soul.

It was gone.

Not, gone, but away. Something was holding it away from his body in a hot, vice-like grip. He tried to call it back to himself, but it didn't budge, searing stripes pressing into the side of it when it jolted in his direction. Sans tried to reach for it. It was trapped. So was he.

"What... what are you doing with that? Stop!" he called desperately as he tugged at his arms and legs. Stiff canvas loops held tight to his wrists and ankles, only sliding until the edge of the fabric cut painfully into the small ridges of his carpals and tarsals. Bewildered, Sans lifted his skull, the only thing he could move, and looked at each limb in turn.

Sure enough, they were bound to a hard metal table. Sans was stretched across it, legs pulled apart and wrists secured near his waist. There wasn't a scrap of clothing on his body. He reached for his magic, but a sharp squeeze of his soul prevented his attack from forming, his soul putting its energy into protecting itself. Whoever this was knew what they were doing. He was helpless and completely exposed. Sans was getting real nervous. What the hell?

He turned his gaze to the rest of the room and found a startling lack of anything medical or scientific, like this kind of table would suggest. A single hanging lamp illuminated the contents, including Sans. The air sparkled with dust as it caught the light. All the room held was a few boxes, coated in a thick layer of the same, and a TV with its cord draped over the top. What was this place?

Another firm squeeze to his soul made him gasp and arch up off the table. Right. He suddenly felt certain that's what had woken him. There was too much wrong with this situation if he could forget that, of all things.

A single figure walked into the room from the corner past his right foot. The dim purple light was lower than he was used to, but still unmistakable. It was like Grillby thought he was some kind of action movie villain. He matched the drabness of the room, at least.

"Oh, good, I thought I was alone," Sans commented, eyeing the glowing red heart clutched in Grillby's hand. The barkeep looked as perfect as ever, his red suit wrinkle free and the purple fur at the cuffs and collar pristine. Whatever was wrong, Grillby wasn't in trouble. Grillby was the trouble. Sans needed to know what he intended, but first he needed that back.

Grillby shuffled to a stop and squeezed a little harder.

"Hello would do," Sans gasped, twisting his arms in the bindings. All he managed to do was make the straps hurt more.

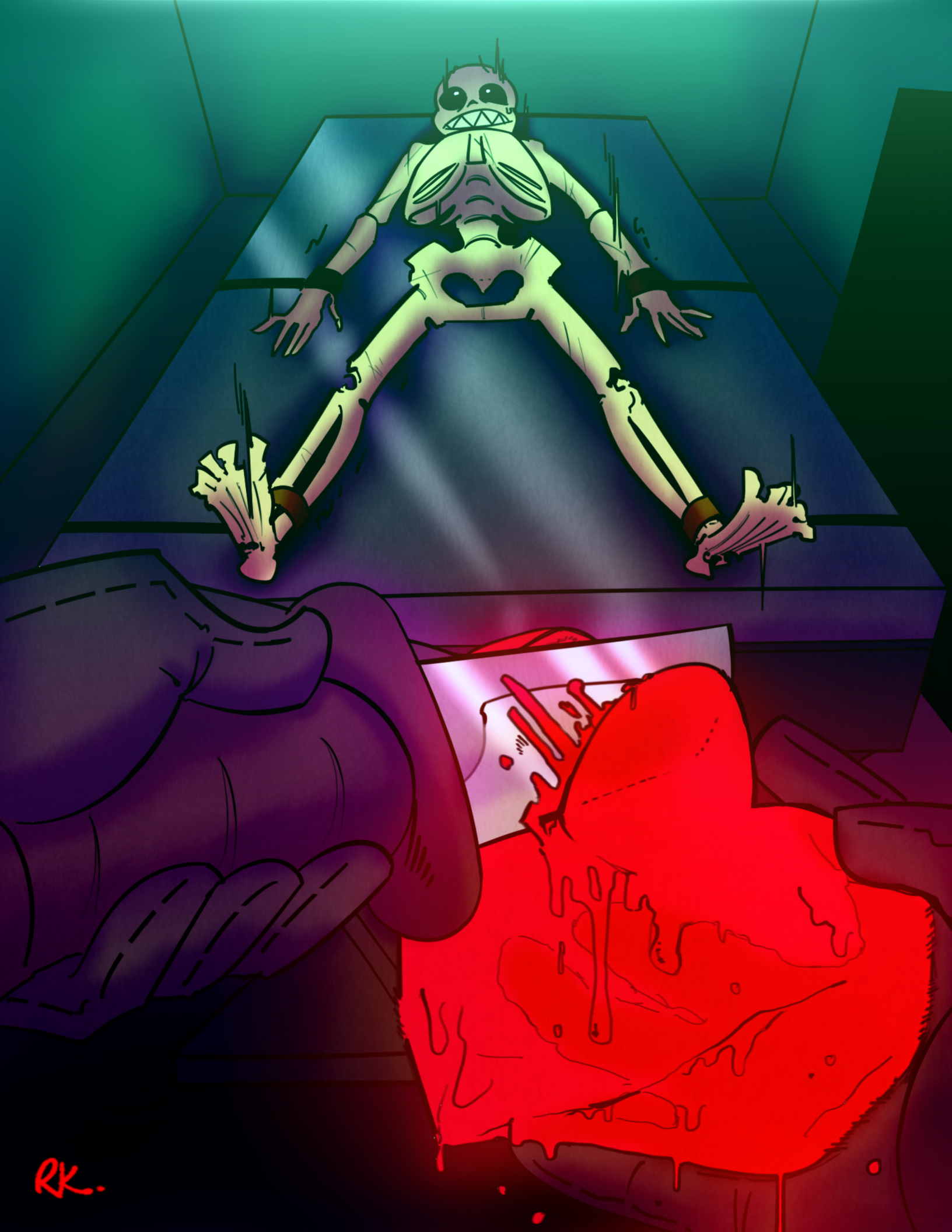
Instead of responding, Grillby raised his other arm. Even though the lamp didn't cast much light, the dull purple flames produced enough to catch on the blade of the paring knife he held. Sans's words shriveled and died in his mouth. Grillby perked up slightly, flames rising, and Sans thought he sensed a smile. Grillby brought the tip of the knife to his soul and glided it over the surface.

Sans keened with pain and arched up again, this time twisting his limbs in an attempt to get away from sharp pain that wasn't even being inflicted on his body. It was like a hundred blades traced over him at once, from nowhere and everywhere. Laughter met his attempts. He fought to focus on Grillby rather than the knives—knife.

"Why— Don't do that. My... my soul..." Sans panted, but even before he finished speaking Grillby was doing it again, pulling the point all the way around his soul from one side, over the bottom tip, to the other. Tears pricked at Sans's sockets as something behind him, even though all that was there was the table, seemed to stroke his spine with sharpened fingers. Why was Grillby doing this? Why was he here?

"W—wait!" He pulled at the straps around his wrists and ankles. They didn't have any more give this time than the last several times.

The edge of the knife pressed into his soul, splitting the outer membrane like it wasn't there.



RK.

Pain lanced through his left hand, and only his left hand. It started at the tips of his middle and ring finger, spreading as the knife cut, severing the magic. Sans's hand burned, drawing a long scream from him, before going ice cold. When the knife reached the other edge, the pain stopped immediately before his carpals. Then, he lost all other sensation from those fingers. He'd heard of monsters losing feeling in the cold, but skeletons didn't feel cold like that, and not in their bones.

Sans choked and watched as the very top of the left side of his soul dissolved into dust and burned up in the fire of Grillby's hand with a series of small bursts of light. The warm air hit the raw edge left behind, sliding unnaturally over magic that was never supposed to be exposed. Sans couldn't even explain it to himself. It was like someone blowing on the inside of his ribs, but worse. More invasive.

Grillby sniffed and tucked the knife into his hand. He waved a small tongue of flame at his sleeve, burning a few grey spots away from the draping fur.

Sans shakily turned from the desecration of his soul and looked at his fingers. They were there, but he couldn't quite feel them, just an aching void where they should be—were. When he tried to move them, they stayed completely still. The longer he tried, the more frustrated he became.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" he snapped and jerked his arm. With the small range of motion he only managed to lift his hand an inch or two from the table, but the fingers didn't move, not even to bend limply. Frightened and disgusted, he jerked it back down to the table. Agony, much worse than before, ran up his arm as his fingers broke off with a short, crisp crack. The small shards of bone tapped gently to the table.

Sans was so shocked, he couldn't even scream again. He couldn't form a single syllable. The tips of his fingers, still sitting whole on the table, were an ashy color in comparison to the healthy ivory of the rest of his bones. They looked like dead bones, left to bleach in the sun, but just moments ago they had been attached to his body. He shook his skull, unable to believe what he was seeing.

"Why?" he wailed, turning to Grillby. Sans's soul was still in his grip, now missing part of the left arch. "Why are you doing this?"

"It's been long enough, Sans." The crackling voice was painfully familiar. They had shared so many laughs over the bar and even more shots of whisky. Sans looked down at his hand, his fingers really gone. Why would his friend do this?

"Your tab is too large." Grillby's purple flames flared up with anger, and he stabbed the knife towards Sans's soul. "It's time to start paying it off."

"Okay, okay!" Sans cried, flinching even though the blade didn't pierce it. "I'll get you some gold."

His marrow ran cold. Cheating Grillby was known to have dire consequences, but Sans had never faced them before. He had never expected to, for one because he wasn't really cheating Grillby so much as drawing out their business arrangement, but also because they were friends. Just the other day Grillby had been cheerfully crackling along with Sans's sarcastic impression of Undyne. Grillby had even come and sat with him after closing... and then Sans had... Sans had gone home? Right?

"No." Grillby shook his head. "I've heard that one too many times. Years, Sans. It's been years. You owe me more gold than you could make in a lifetime working your crap jobs. You're going to pay me back on my terms."

"Which are?" Sans asked. Fucking Grillby. What possessed him to cut into his soul before even talking to him? Didn't he owe him that? Sweat dripped down his skull.

"You're going to join a side business of mine. You fuck who I tell you to fuck, and what you earn goes towards your tab."

"Are you fucking insane?" Sans snapped. "No chance in hell. I'll get you the fucking money, but I am not doing that shit."

Grillby grinned, which was not anything Sans had expected to see after that outburst. His temper faded, nerves taking its place. Grillby did hold all the cards right now, cards being Sans's soul, a very sharp knife, and, apparently, a grudge.

"I thought you might say that. Thus." He gestured at Sans's soul with said knife once before plunging it directly into the center of the heart.

Sans screamed, pain flowing from his soul and flooding his right leg. He pulled wildly at the bindings, but still made no progress. It didn't matter. His body just needed to move, to try and get away from the fucking knife that Grillby was dragging down through his very being. His magic gave under it, essential connections failing. He felt parts of himself slip away with no way to catch them, water through a sieve. The moment they were gone, he couldn't even remember what they were.

When Grillby finally removed the knife, Sans collapsed to the table. His femur burned cold. Panicking, Sans tried to move his foot, but it didn't obey him.

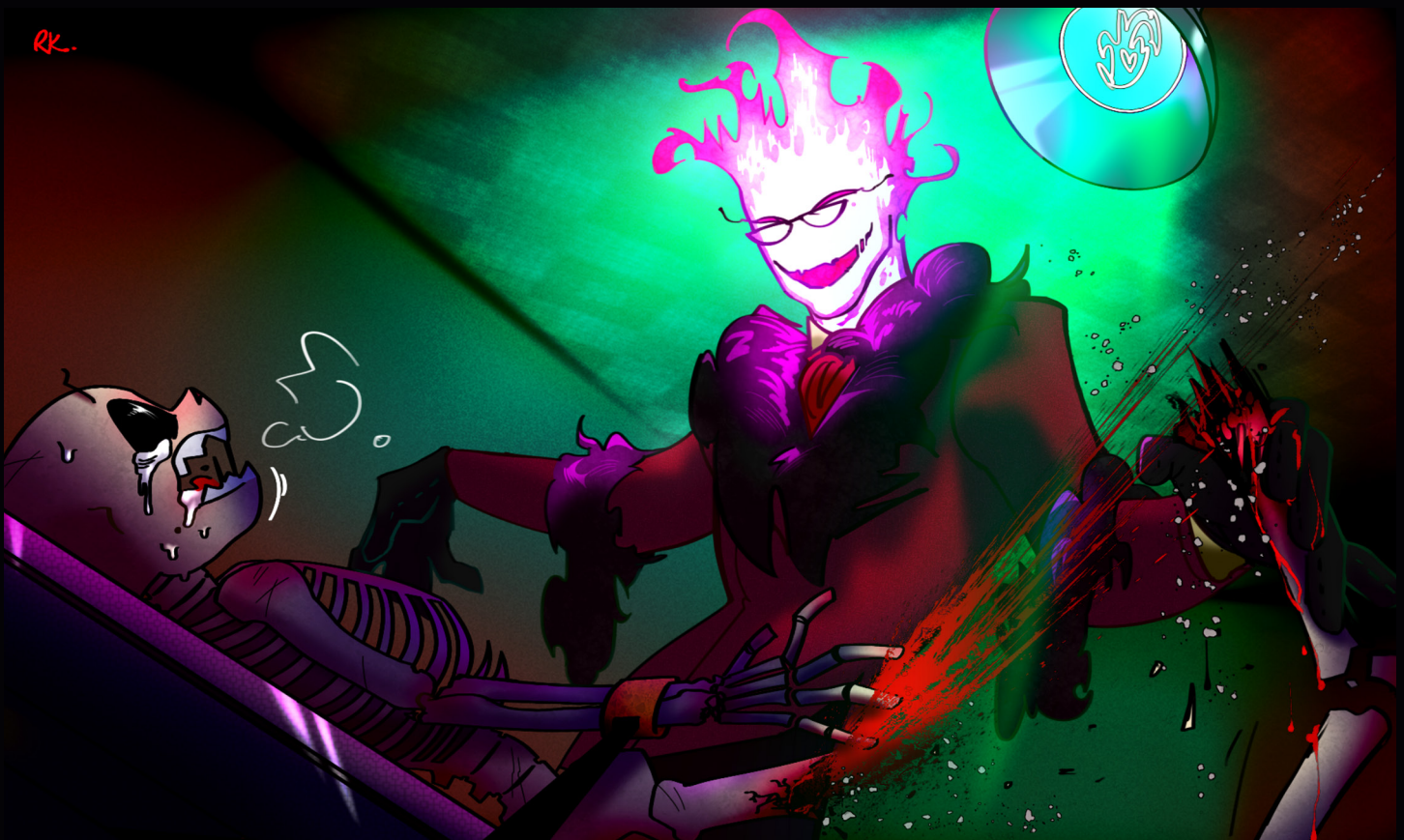
"Wha...what...?" he asked, looking down at it with confusion. Why was it like that? His femur was as white as snow in the middle of the forest. Why did that make his soul ache? He wouldn't be able to walk through the freshly fallen snow with Papyrus anymore.

"Very interesting." Grillby walked up next to the table. He set Sans's soul and a knife down next to Sans's messed up leg. Sans's soul looked weird, misshapen, as though Grillby had squished in one side and it had stuck. Grillby glanced over at Sans's hand, and Sans followed his gaze. He was missing two bones from two of his fingers. The tips were laying on the table surrounded by fragments of bone. He knew that they were gone, but he was a little fuzzy on what happened to them.

Did Grillby cut them off?

"Ah!" Sans cried out as Grillby grabbed onto his already stinging femur, a hand at each end of the bone.

"No!" Sans gasped, realization a stone to his already pounding skull, but he was too late. Grillby pressed down with his hands, and up with his thumbs, as if he was trying to bend Sans's femur. Bones didn't bend that way. Sans had the absurd urge to tell him that, but surely Grillby knew that. Besides, all Sans could do was scream as the bone gave. Cracks formed all the way around it, and the center split, shards of bone and fossilized marrow going everywhere. Sans couldn't stop screaming. His leg! His fucking leg. Fuck, it hurt so badly. It was in pieces!



Grillby let go of the half that still stuck out from Sans's pelvis. It was just the knob in the socket, ending in the jagged shards of bone that hadn't come loose. He still held the other half, which was much the same. The shattered pieces from the middle littered the table between them. Sans stared, disbelieving.

"What... why...?" he asked, looking up at Grillby. The question seemed to amuse him, because he laughed for a second before being distracted by Sans's disconnected leg jerking out of his hand. The fragment of femur was an ashy white, but the lower leg and foot were still healthy-looking, and they were moving. He could still feel the strap around his carpals. Sans focused on stilling the limb, but he couldn't. Whatever was happening, he wasn't causing it, and he couldn't stop it. The leg continued to jerk and twitch mindlessly, grinding the aching end of his femur into the table painfully.

"Very interesting," Grillby hummed. "As for why, well, heh, let's cut to the chase this time. You're going to whore for me to pay off your absurd tab."

"No!" Sans recoiled as best he could into the hard table top. "I fucking won't." There were all sorts of reasons that was wrong. He knew there were, even if he was having trouble forming them in his mind. "I can pay you soon."

Grillby sighed, picking up Sans's soul and the knife. His touch was too tight, squeezing Sans's soul, his fingers burning streaks against it. He shook his head, and, without another word, thrust the knife into the soul.

Sans's screams were ragged, his throat sore as if he had been screaming for a long time. His shoulder hurt. It hurt so badly. Burning, burning cold. Why was it so cold?

Sans jerked to the left, trying to drag his right scapula away from whatever was hurting it so badly. It lifted from the table he was on, but not very far. His arm was trapped by a canvas strap. It yanked him back towards the table, and his scapula slammed into the metal surface.

"AHH!" Sans let out a deafening scream as his scapula shattered into a million pieces. Pure white bone scattered across the side of the table and spilled over the edge. Sans's humerus twitched, disconnected from him.

"No," Sans whined, rolling away from the sight. He could go further now that neither his arm nor his leg longer held that side down. His other arm and his right leg were bound, though, so he couldn't get away, and even the small roll he managed had agony piercing through his right side. Then there was Grillby, waiting for him, a soul in his hand and a smirk on his face.

"Good thing you don't need that."

"Huh?" Sans asked, his vision swimming as his right femur pulsed miserably. He didn't understand how it could hurt, because it didn't seem to be there anymore. Well, it was, but only partially. The rest of his leg jerked below him, a strap rubbing painfully against his tarsals. What had happened?

"You're going to be a fuck toy, Sans."

"No," Sans replied. He didn't want to do that. Why would he do that? Why would Grillby say that? Grillby was his friend. "Don't... don't wanna..." He searched for the words to explain why, but they weren't there. He didn't know why he didn't want to. He just didn't.

"Sans, open your mouth for me." Sans startled and opened his mouth before he knew what he was doing. Slowly his thoughts caught up. He realized he didn't want to have his mouth open, either, so he closed it. Grillby frowned at him.

"Open your mouth and leave it open."

Sans shook his skull. It didn't make any sense to do that.

"Well, then I guess this will have to go," Grillby sighed. He dug the knife into a soul he was holding at an angle. Sans's soul.

Sans choked as pain flooded his skull. He might have thought it was a headache, but it happened so quickly. Grillby pried a chunk of his soul out, and everything went fuzzy. The pain vanished for one, blissful second. Magic dripped down his soul, burning when it met Grillby's fingers with an acrid sizzle.

His whole body was agony.

Sans thought he was keeping completely still, but his right leg kept doing this thing where it pressed his femur into the table in a way that just shouldn't work. The middle didn't bend like that. His femur was very sensitive, too. Why? And why couldn't he stop his leg from doing that? His right arm kept moving, too, but that was just weird, not painful. And he felt so sure he was lying completely still. It was dizzying, having so many parts of himself spread apart and doing what they wanted. Where was his so—

"Sans, open your mouth."

"Nn?" Sans meant to ask why, but the word wouldn't form. They didn't exist. His vision cleared slightly, and he saw a bright purple mass above him. Why would he open his mouth? Why couldn't he talk? His leg hurt. It hurt so badly, and his pelvis ached where it met his leg, except that his leg wasn't there. It just hurt.

"Open your mouth!"

Shaking his skull made him dizzy, and a sharp pain flared up on the left side of it. Darkness crept around the edges of his vision as he let it loll back. The torment slowly faded to a dull ache, but it wouldn't go away. Drank too much? That didn't seem right, but he didn't know what was going on. If only he could see. His eyelights wandered in his sockets, seeking something besides soft light and indistinct shapes.

"Dammit."

Sans wailed as blazing pain streaked down his right ribs. He didn't know where it came from, and he couldn't do anything about it. His arms wouldn't move. He was stuck. His skull ached

when he tried, the barest shift causing too much pain. Pain. Pain. Screaming. Stop it. Why wouldn't it stop?

Primal shrieking as his ribs cracked under their own weight. They crumbled, breaking away from his spine and falling to the side. Hurt. It hurt. He hurt. Stop.

"Nghhhhh," he whined, his skull pounding. Stop. Make it stop.

"Can you not talk?"

Sans whimpered. He wanted to make words, but he couldn't find them. There weren't any words. Just pain. Agony.

"Open your mouth."

Sans opened his mouth. His skull throbbed at even that slight motion.

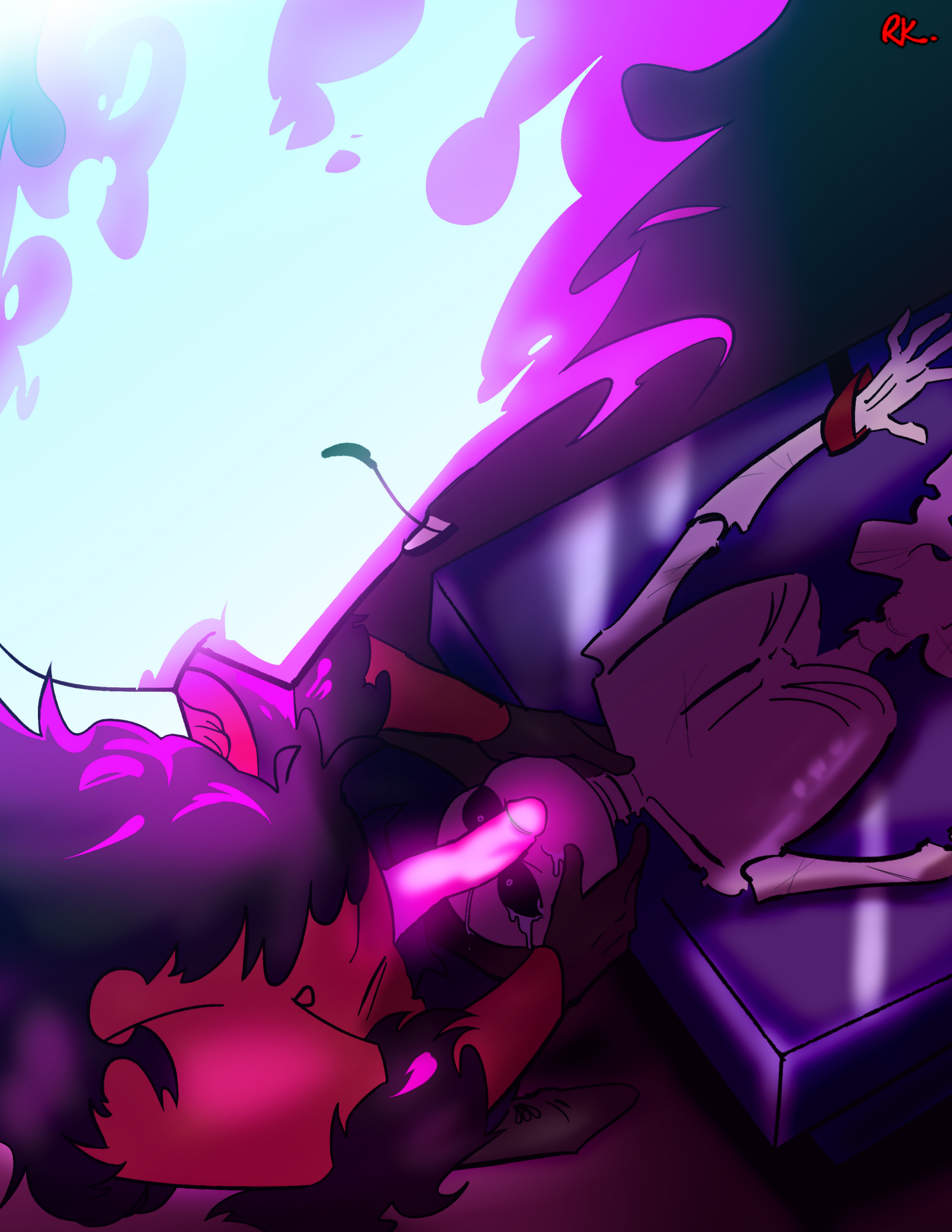
"Leave it open."

Sans left it open.

Something long, hard, and hot was shoved into his mouth. He choked, his jaw straining to open wide enough to avoid the obstruction. It wasn't enough. His nose was covered by hot flesh, the same pressing at the edges of his sockets. Legs? He thought they were legs.

They were suffocating, even without the need to breathe. All he could smell was ash.

He was relieved when they pulled away from his face. It also meant that the thing in his mouth withdrew. Before he was able to relax, however, the legs slammed back into his face, and his mouth was once again full. Pain stabbed the left side of his skull. Sans scrabbled at the surface under him, but it was hard and smooth. His fingertips, what fingertips he had, merely scraped against it, doing nothing to get him further from the pain. Shards of something poked at the whole fingers on his left hand, and he flinched away from them. Straps grabbed at his wrists, keeping them against the surface. No matter how hard he yanked, he couldn't even move his right wrist.



Whimpering, he pulled and pulled, but the pain and the hot, ashy legs remained. They ground against his face, dragging the length around his mouth. Sans grunted, trying to close his jaw.

"No, no. Leave it open." The last word was hissed, and fear crawled down Sans's spine. This wasn't someone Sans could afford to upset. They were standing there, invading his mouth while he was here, unable to move in the least. He should listen to them.

His jaw ached as he stretched it wider.

"Much better."

The legs shifted away again, and Sans sagged with relief. It was short lived. They slammed back into his mouth, even harder this time. He cried out, but it was muffled by the length. The monster didn't seem to care anyways. They just pounded into him again. And again.

And again.

Every time his jaw was forced open the left side of his skull hurt a little worse. His right femur ached as the end--he didn't think that should be the end, but it was--slapped against the table. His left hand stung as his fingers tapped with the rhythm of the thrusting. Tears leaked from his sockets, though he didn't have any idea when they started. He wanted to beg, to plead for them to stop, but all he could manage was weak whines. What happened instead made everything so much worse.

One thrust went sideways, the length coming into Sans at an angle that shoved it against the left side of his skull. The spot that had been aching felt like it had been hit with a hammer, not flesh.

It shattered.

"Fuck!"

They withdrew entirely this time, giving Sans back his mouth so he could scream. He screamed and

howled, the vibrations of his own voice traveling along his skull to the hole and deepening the agony. His body seized with it, mindlessly pulling at everything that held it bound. None of it budged. Eventually, it was his body that gave. He lay on the table, still, aside from the sobs that shook his ribs. Those hurt, too, though he hadn't noticed before, not next to the anguish of his skull.

He had nothing left.

"Well, that was unexpected." Fingers poked at his skull, pressing against the sharp edges of the hole. Sans wailed as the pain came back, and the touch stopped. "Probably not a problem, though. Could be good. Now you have another hole, though we'll need to sand down those edges."

Sans didn't know what that meant, but it was sure to hurt. Everything hurt.

"Until then, open up."

Even though his skull blazed with pain as he did, Sans opened his mouth.







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